THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

FROM THE PRESS OF P. DIDOT, SENIOR,
PRINTER TO HIS MAJESTY.

THE

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SIR WALTER SCOTT.

VOL. V.

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BALLADS

AND

LYRICAL PIECES.

FANCIFUL PIECES,

AND

BALLADS.

GLENFINLAS,

OR

LORD RONALD'S CORONACH. *

THE tradition, upon which the following stanzas are founded, runs thus: While two Highland hunters were passing the night in a solitary *bathy* (a hut built for the purpose of hunting), and making merry over their venison and whisky, one of them expressed a wish, that they had pretty lasses to complete their party. The words were scarcely uttered, when two beautiful young women, habited in green, entered the hut, dancing and singing. One of the hunters was seduced by the syren, who attached herself particularly to him, to leave the hut: the other remained, and, suspicious of the fair seducers, continued to play upon a trump, or Jew's harp, some strain, consecrated to the Virgin Mary. Day at length came, and the temptress vanished. Searching in the forest, he found the bones of his unfortunate friend; who

* *Coronach*, is the lamentation for a deceased warrior, sung by the aged of the clan.

had been torn to pieces and devoured by the fiend, into whose toils he had fallen. The place was from thence called, *The Glen of the Green Women.*

Glenfinlas is a tract of forest ground, lying in the Highlands of Perthshire, not far from Callender, in Menteith. It was formerly a royal forest, and now belongs to the Earl of Moray. This country, as well as the adjacent district of Balquidder, was, in times of yore, chiefly inhabited by the Macgregors. To the west of the forest of Glenfinlas lies Loch-Katrine, and its romantic avenue called the Troshachs. Benledi, Benmore, and Benvoirlich, are mountains in the same district, and at no great distance from Glenfinlas. The river Teith passes Callender and the castle of Doune, and joins the Forth near Stirling. The pass of Lenny is immediately above Callender, and is the principal access to the Highlands from that town. Glenartney is a forest near Benvoirlich. The whole forms a sublime tract of Alpine scenery.

GLENFINLAS,

OR

LORD RONALD'S CORONACH.

« For them the viewless forms of air obey,
« Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair;
« They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
« And heartless oft, like moody madness, stare,
« To see the phantom train their secret work prepare.»

O HONE a rie'! O hone a rie'!*
The pride of Albin's line is o'er,
And fallen Glenartney's stateliest tree;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!

O, sprung from great Macgillianore,
The chief that never feared a foe,
How matchless was thy broad claymore,
How deadly thine unerring bow!

Well can the Saxon widows tell,
How, on the Teith's resounding shore,

* *O hone a rie'* signifies—« Alas for the prince, or chief.»

The boldest Lowland warriors fell,
As down from Lenny's pass you bore.

But o'er his hills, on festal day,
How blazed Lord Ronald's beltane tree;
While youths and maids the light strathspey
So nimbly danced, with Highland glee.

Cheered by the strength of Ronald's shell,
E'en age forgot his tresses hoar;
But now the loud lament we swell,
O, ne'er to see Lord Ronald more!

From distant isles a Chieftain came,
The joys of Ronald's hall to find,
And chase with him the dark brown game,
That bounds o'er Albin's hills of wind.

'Twas Moy; whom, in Columba's isle,
The seer's prophetic spirit found,
As, with a minstrel's fire the while,
He waked his harp's harmonious sound.

Full many a spell to him was known,
Which wandering spirits shrink to hear;
And many a lay of potent tone,
Was never meant for mortal ear.

For there, 'tis said, in mystic mood,
High converse with the dead they hold,
And oft espy the fated shroud,
That shall the future corpse enfold.

O so it fell, that on a day,
To rouse the red deer from their den,
The chiefs have ta'en their distant way,
And scoured the deep Glenfinlas glen.

No vassals wait, their sports to aid,
To watch their safety, deck their board:
Their simple dress, the Highland plaid;
Their trusty guard, the Highland sword.

Three summer days, through brake and dell,
Their whistling shafts successful flew;
And still, when dewy evening fell,
The quarry to their hut they drew.

In grey Glenfinlas' deepest nook
The solitary cabin stood,
Fast by Moneira's sullen brook,
Which murmurs through that lonely wood.

Soft fell the night, the sky was calm,
When three successive days had flown;
And summer mist in dewy balm
Steeped heathy bank, and mossy stone.

The moon, half-hid in silvery flakes,
Afar her dubious radiance shed,
Quivering on Katrine's distant lakes,
And resting on Benledi's head.

Now in their hut, in social guise,
Their sylvan fare the Chiefs enjoy;

And pleasure laughs in Ronald's eye,
As many a pledge he quaffs to Moy.

—« What lack we here to crown our bliss,
While thus the pulse of joy beats high?
What, but fair woman's yielding kiss,
Her panting breath, and melting eye?

« To chase the deer of yonder shades,
This morning left their father's pile
The fairest of our mountain maids,
The daughters of the proud Glengyle.

« Long have I sought sweet Mary's heart,
And dropped the tear, and heaved the sigh:
But vain the lover's wily art,
Beneath a sister's watchful eye.

« But thou may'st teach that guardian fair,
While far with Mary I am flown,
Of other hearts to cease her care,
And find it hard to guard her own.

« Touch but thy harp, thou soon shalt see
The lovely Flora of Glengyle,
Unmindful of her charge and me,
Hang on thy notes, 'twixt tear and smile.

« Or, if she chuse a melting tale,
All underneath the greenwood bough,
Will good St Oran's rule prevail,
Stern huntsman of the rigid brow?»—

—« Since Enrick's fight, since Morna's death,
No more on me shall rapture rise,
Responsive to the panting breath,
Or yielding kiss, or melting eyes.

« E'en then, when o'er the heath of woe,
Where sunk my hopes of love and fame,
I bade my harp's wild wailings flow,
On me the seer's sad spirit came.

« The last dread curse of angry heaven,
With ghastly sights and sounds of woe,
To dash each glimpse of joy, was given—
The gift, the future ill to know.

« The bark thou saw'st, yon summer morn,
So gaily part from Oban's bay,
My eye beheld her dashed and torn,
Far on the rocky Colonsay.

« Thy Fergus too—thy sister's son,
Thou saw'st, with pride, the gallant's power,
As marching 'gainst the lord of Downe,
He left the skirts of huge Benmore.

« Thou only saw'st their tartans* wave,
As down Benvoirlich's side they wound,
Heard'st but the pibroch,** answering brave
To many a target clanking round.

* *Tartans*—The full Highland dress, made of the chequered stuff so termed.

** *Pibroch*—A piece of martial music, adapted to the Highland bag-pipe.

« I heard the groans, I marked the tears,
I saw the wound his bosom bore,
When on the serried Saxon spears
He poured his clan's resistless roar.

« And thou, who bid'st me think of bliss,
And bid'st my heart awake to glee,
And court, like thee, the wanton kiss,—
That heart, O Ronald, bleeds for thee!

« I see the death-damps chill thy brow;
I hear thy Warning Spirit cry;
The corpse-lights dance—they're gone, and now...!
No more is given to gifted eye!»——

——« Alone enjoy thy dreary dreams,
Sad prophet of the evil hour!
Say, should we scorn joy's transient beams,
Because to-morrow's storm may lour?

« Or false, or sooth, thy words of woe,
Clangillian's chieftain ne'er shall fear;
His blood shall bound at rapture's glow,
Though doomed to stain the Saxon spear.

« E'en now, to meet me in yon dell,
My Mary's buskins brush the dew.»—
He spoke, nor bade the Chief farewell,
But called his dogs, and gay withdrew.

Within an hour returned each hound;
In rushed the rousers of the deer;

They howled in melancholy sound,
Then closely couch beside the Seer.

No Ronald yet; though midnight came,
And sad were Moy's prophetic dreams,
As, bending o'er the dying flame,
He fed the watch-fire's quivering gleams.

Sudden the hounds erect their ears,
And sudden cease their moaning howl;
Close pressed to Moy, they mark their fears
By shivering limbs, and stifled growl.

Untouched, the harp began to ring,
As softly, slowly, oped the door,
And shook responsive every string,
As light a footstep pressed the floor.

And, by the watch-fire's glimmering light,
Close by the Minstrel's side was seen
An huntress maid, in beauty bright,
All dropping wet her robes of green.

All dropping wet her garments seem;
Chill'd was her cheek, her bosom bare,
As, bending o'er the dying gleam,
She wrung the moisture from her hair.

With maiden blush she softly said,
« O gentle huntsman, hast thou seen,
In deep Glenfinlas' moonlight glade,
A lovely maid in vest of green:

« With her a chief in Highland pride;
His shoulders bear the hunter's bow,
The mountain dirk adorns his side,
Far on the wind his tartans flow?»

« And who art thou? and who are they?»
All ghastly gazing, Moy replied:
« And why, beneath the moon's pale ray,
Dare ye thus roam Glenfinlas' side?»

« Where wild Loch Katrine pours her tide,
Blue, dark, and deep, round many an isle,
Our father's towers o'erhang her side,
The castle of the bold Glengyle.

« To chase the dun Glenfinlas deer,
Our woodland course this morn we bore,
And haply met, while wandering here,
The son of great Macgillianore.

« O aid me, then, to seek the pair,
Whom, loitering in the woods, I lost;
Alone, I dare not venture there,
Where walks, they say, the shrieking ghost.»

« Yes, many a shrieking ghost walks there;
Then, first, my own sad vow to keep,
Here will I pour my midnight prayer,
Which still must rise when mortals sleep.»

« O first, for pity's gentle sake,
Guide a lone wanderer on her way!

For I must cross the haunted brake,
And reach my father's towers ere day.»

« First, three times tell each Ave-bead,
And thrice a Pater-noster say;
Then kiss with me the holy reed:
So shall we safely wind our way.»

« O shame to knighthood, strange and foul!
Go, doff the bonnet from thy brow,
And shroud thee in the monkish cowl,
Which best befits thy sullen vow.

« Not so, by high Dunlathmon's fire,
Thy heart was froze to love and joy,
When gaily rung thy raptured lyre,
To wanton Morna's melting eye.»

Wild stared the Minstrel's eye of flame,
And high his sable locks arose,
And quick his colour went and came,
As fear and rage alternate rose.

« And thou! when by the blazing oak
I lay, to her and love resigned,
Say, rode ye on the eddying smoke,
Or sailed ye on the midnight wind!

« Not thine a race of mortal blood,
Nor old Glengyle's pretended line;
Thy dame, the Lady of the Flood,
Thy sire, the Monarch of the Mine.»

He mutter'd thrice St Oran's rhyme,
And thrice St Fillan's powerful prayer;
Then turned him to the eastern clime,
And sternly shook his coal-black hair.

And, bending o'er his harp, he flung
His wildest witch-notes on the wind;
And loud, and high, and strange, they rung,
As many a magic change they find.

Tall waxed the Spirit's altering form,
Till to the roof her stature grew;
Then, mingling with the rising storm,
With one wild yell, away she flew.

Rain beats, hail rattles, whirlwinds tear:
The slender hut in fragments flew;
But not a lock of Moy's loose hair
Was waved by wind, or wet by dew.

Wild mingling with the howling gale,
Loud bursts of ghastly laughter rise;
High o'er the Minstrel's head they sail,
And die amid the northern skies.

The voice of thunder shook the wood,
As ceased the more than mortal yell;
And, spattering foul, a shower of blood
Upon the hissing firebrands fell.

Next, dropped from high a mangled arm;
The fingers strained an half-drawn blade;

And last, the life-blood streaming warm,
Torn from the trunk, a gasping head.

Oft o'er that head, in battling field,
Streamed the proud crest of high Benmore;
That arm the broad claymore could wield,
Which dyed the Teith with Saxon gore.

Woe to Moneira's sullen rills!
Woe to Glenfinlas' dreary glen!
There never son of Albin's hills
Shall draw the hunter's shaft agen!

E'en the tired pilgrim's burning feet
At noon shall shun that sheltering den,
Lest, journeying in their rage, he meet
The wayward Ladies of the Glen.

And we—behind the chieftain's shield,
No more shall we in safety dwell;
None leads the people to the field—
And we the loud lament must swell.

O hone a rie'! O hone a rie'!
The pride of Albin's line is o'er,
And fallen Glenartney's stateliest tree;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!

NOTES

ON

GLENFINLAS.

Well can the Saxon widows tell.—P. 5. v. 3.

The term Sassenach, or Saxon, is applied by the Highlanders to their Low-country neighbours.

How blazed Lord Ronald's beltane tree.—P. 6. v. 1.

The fires lighted by the Highlanders on the first of May, in compliance with a custom derived from the Pagan times, are termed, *The Beltane Tree.* It is a festival celebrated with various superstitious rites, both in the north of Scotland and in Wales.

The seer's prophetic spirit found, etc.—P. 6. v. 4.

I can only describe the second sight, by adopting Dr Johnson's definition, who calls it « An impression, either by the « mind upon the eye, or by the eye upon the mind, by which « things distant and future are perceived and seen as if they « were present.» To which I would only add, that the spectral appearances, thus presented, usually presage misfortune; that the faculty is painful to those who suppose they possess it; and that they usually acquire it, while themselves under the pressure of melancholy.

Will good St Oran's rule prevail—P. 8. v. 6.

St Oran was a friend and follower of St Columba, and was buried in Icolmkill. His pretensions to be a saint were rather

dubious. According to the legend, he consented to be buried alive, in order to propitiate certain dæmons of the soil, who obstructed the attempts of Columba to build a chapel. Columba caused the body of his friend to be dug up, after three days had elapsed; when Oran, to the horror and scandal of the assistants, declared, that there was neither a God, a judgment, nor a future state! He had no time to make further discoveries, for Columba caused the earth once more to be shovelled over him with the utmost dispatch. The chapel, however, and the cemetery, was called *Reilig Ouran*; and, in memory of his rigid celibacy, no female was permitted to pay her devotions, or be buried, in that place. This is the rule alluded to in the poem.

And thrice St Fillan's powerful prayer.—P. 14. v. 1.

St Fillan has given his name to many chapels, holy fountains, etc. in Scotland. He was, according to Camerarius, an abbot of Pittenweem, in Fife; from which situation he retired, and died a hermit in the wilds of Glenurchy, A. D. 649. While engaged in transcribing the Scriptures, his left hand was observed to send forth such a splendour, as to afford light to that with which he wrote; a miracle which saved many candles to the convent, as St Fillan used to spend whole nights in that exercise. The 9th of January was dedicated to this saint, who gave his name to Kilfillan, in Renfrew, and St Phillans, or Forgend, in Fife. Lesley, lib. 7. tells us, that Robert the Bruce was possessed of Fillan's miraculous and luminous arm, which he inclosed in a silver shrine, and had it carried at the head of his army. Previous to the battle of Bannockburn, the king's chaplain, a man of little faith, abstracted the relique, and deposited it in some place of security, lest it should fall into the hands of the English. But, lo! while Robert was addressing his prayers to the empty casket, it was observed to open and shut suddenly; and, on inspection, the saint was found to have himself deposited his arm in the shrine, as an assurance of victory. Such is the tale of Lesley. But though Bruce little needed that the arm of St Fillan

should assist his own, he dedicated to him, in gratitude, a priory at Killin, upon Loch Tay.

In the Scots Magazine for July, 1802, (a national periodical publication, which has lately revived with considerable energy) there is a copy of a very curious crown-grant, dated 11th July, 1487, by which James III. confirms to Malice Doire, an inhabitant of Strathfillan, in Perthshire, the peaceable exercise and enjoyment of a relique of St Fillan, called the Quegrich, which he, and his predecessors, are said to have possessed since the days of Robert Bruce. As the Quegrich was used to cure diseases, this document is, probably, the most ancient patent ever granted for a quack medicine. The ingenious correspondent, by whom it is furnished, further observes, that additional particulars concerning St Fillan, are to be found in *Ballenden's Boece*, Book 4, folio ccxiii, and in *Pennant's Tour in Scotland*, 1772, pp. 11, 15.

THE

EVE OF SAINT JOHN.

Smaylho'me, or Smallholm Tower, the scene of the following ballad, is situated on the northern boundary of Roxburghshire, among a cluster of wild rocks, called Sandiknow-Crags, the property of Hugh Scott, Esq. of Harden. The tower is a high square building, surrounded by an outer wall, now ruinous. The circuit of the outer court, being defended, on three sides, by a precipice and morass, is accessible only from the west, by a steep and rocky path. The apartments, as is usual in a Border keep, or fortress, are placed one above another, and communicate by a narrow stair; on the roof are two bartizans, or platforms, for defence or pleasure. The inner door of the tower is wood, the outer an iron grate; the distance between them being nine feet, the thickness, namely, of the wall. From the elevated situation of Smaylho'me Tower, it is seen many miles in every direction. Among the crags, by which it is surrounded, one, more eminent, is called *The Watch-fold;* and is said to have been the station of a beacon, in the times of war with England. Without

the tower-court is a ruined chapel. Brotherstone is a heath, in the neighbourhood of Smaylho'me Tower.

This ancient fortress and its vicinity formed the scene of the author's infancy, and seemed to claim from him this attempt to celebrate them in a Border tale. The catastrophe of the tale is founded upon a well-known Irish tradition.

THE

EVE OF SAINT JOHN.

The Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,
He spurred his courser on,
Without stop or stay, down the rocky way,
That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch,
His banner broad to rear;
He went not 'gainst the English yew
To lift the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack * was braced, and his helmet was laced,
And his vaunt-brace of proof he wore;
At his saddle-gerthe was a good steel sperthe,
Full ten pound weight and more.

The Baron returned in three days' space,
And his looks were sad and sour;
And weary was his courser's pace,
As he reached his rocky tower.

* The plate-jack is coat-armour; the vaunt-brace, or wam-brace, armour for the body; the sperthe, a battle-axe.

He came not from where Ancram Moor *
Ran red with English blood;
Where the Douglas true, and the bold Buccleuch,
'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood.

Yet was his helmet hacked and hewed,
His acton pierced and tore;
His axe and his dagger with blood embrued,
But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage,
He held him close and still;
And he whistled thrice for his little foot-page,
His name was English Will.

« Come thou hither, my little foot-page;
Come hither to my knee;
Though thou art young, and tender of age,
I think thou art true to me.

« Come, tell me all that thou hast seen,
And look thou tell me true!
Since I from Smaylho'me tower have been,
What did thy lady do?»

« My lady, each night, sought the lonely light,
That burns on the wild Watchfold;
For, from height to height, the beacons bright
Of the English foemen told.

* See an account of the battle of Ancram Moor, subjoined to the ballad.

« The bittern clamoured from the moss,
The wind blew loud and shrill;
Yet the craggy pathway she did cross,
To the eiry beacon hill.

« I watched her steps, and silent came
Where she sat her on a stone;
No watchman stood by the dreary flame;
It burned all alone.

« The second night I kept her in sight,
Till to the fire she came,
And, by Mary's might! an armed Knight
Stood by the lonely flame.

« And many a word that warlike lord
Did speak to my lady there;
But the rain fell fast, and loud blew the blast,
And I heard not what they were.

« The third night there the sky was fair,
And the mountain blast was still,
As again I watched the secret pair,
On the lonesome beacon hill.

« And I heard her name the midnight hour,
And name this holy eve;
And say, 'Come this night to thy lady's bower;
'Ask no bold Baron's leave.

'He lifts his spear with the bold Buccleuch;
'His lady is all alone;

'The door she'll undo to her knight so true,
'On the eve of good St John.'

'I cannot come; I must not come;
'I dare not come to thee;
'On the eve of Saint John I must wander alone—
'In thy bower I may not be.'

'Now, out on thee, faint-hearted knight!
'Thou should'st not say me nay;
'For the eve is sweet, and when lovers meet,
'Is worth the whole summer's day.

'And I'll chain the blood-hound, and the warder shall not sound,
'And rushes shall be strewed on the stair;
'So, by the black rood-stone,* and by holy St John,
'I conjure thee, my love, to be there!'

'Though the blood-hound be mute, and the rush beneath my foot,
'And the warder his bugle should not blow,
'Yet there sleepeth a priest in the chamber to the east,
'And my foot-step he would know.'

'O fear not the priest, who sleepeth to the east!
'For to Dryburgh** the way he has ta'en;

* The black-rood of Melrose was a crucifix of black marble, and of superior sanctity.

** Dryburgh Abbey is beautifully situated on the banks of the

'And there to say mass, till three days do pass,
'For the soul of a knight that is slayne.'

« He turned him around, and grimly he frowned;
Then he laughed right scornfully—
'He who says the mass-rite for the soul of that knight,
'May as well say mass for me.

'At the lone midnight hour, when bad spirits have power,
'In thy chamber will I be.'—
With that he was gone, and my lady left alone,
And no more did I see.»—

Then changed, I trow, was that bold Baron's brow,
From the dark to the blood-red high;
« Now, tell me the mien of the knight thou hast seen,
For, by Mary, he shall die!»

« His arms shone full bright in the beacon's red light,
His plume it was scarlet and blue;
On his shield was a hound, in a silver leash bound,
And his crest was a branch of the yew.»

« Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-page,
Loud dost thou lie to me!

Tweed. After its dissolution, it became the property of the Halliburtons of Newmains, and is now the seat of the right honourable the Earl of Buchan. It belonged to the order of Premonstratenses.

For that knight is cold, and low laid in the mould,
All under the Eildon-tree.»*

« Yet hear but my word, my noble lord!
For I heard her name his name;
And that lady bright, she called the knight,
Sir Richard of Coldinghame.»

The bold Baron's brow then changed, I trow,
From high blood-red to pale—
« The grave is deep and dark—and the corpse is stiff and stark—
So I may not trust thy tale.

« Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,
And Eildon slopes to the plain,
Full three nights ago, by some secret foe,
That gay gallant was slain.

« The varying light deceived thy sight,
And the wild winds drowned the name;
For the Dryburgh bells ring, and the white monks do sing,
For Sir Richard of Coldinghame!»

He passed the court-gate, and he opened the tower grate,
And he mounted the narrow stair,

* Eildon is a high hill, terminating in three conical summits, immediately above the town of Melrose, where are the admired ruins of a magnificent monastery. Eildon-tree is said to be the spot where Thomas the Rhymer uttered his prophecies.

To the bartizan-seat, where, with maids that on her
wait,
He found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood;
Looked over hill and dale;
Over Tweed's fair flood, and Mertoun's* wood,
And all down Teviotdale.

« Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright!»
« Now hail, thou Baron true!
What news, what news, from Ancram fight?
What news from the bold Buccleuch?»

« The Ancram Moor is red with gore,
For many a southern fell;
And Buccleuch has charged us, evermore,
To watch our beacons well.»

The lady blush'd red, but nothing she said;
Nor added the Baron a word:
Then she stepp'd down the stair to her chamber fair,
And so did her moody lord.

In sleep the lady mourn'd, and the Baron toss'd and
turn'd,
And oft to himself he said—
« The worms around him creep, and his bloody
grave is deep.....
It cannot give up the dead.»

* Mertoun is the beautiful seat of Hugh Scott, Esq. of Harden.

It was near the ringing of matin-bell,
The night was well nigh done,
When a heavy sleep on that Baron fell,
On the eve of good St John.

The lady looked through the chamber fair,
By the light of a dying flame;
And she was aware of a knight stood there—
Sir Richard of Coldinghame!

« Alas! away, away!» she cried,
« For the holy Virgin's sake!»
« Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side;
But, lady, he will not awake.

« By Eildon-tree, for long nights three,
In bloody grave have I lain;
The mass and the death-prayer are said for me,
But, lady, they are said in vain.

« By the Baron's brand, near Tweed's fair strand,
Most foully slain I fell;
And my restless sprite on the beacon's height,
For a space is doomed to dwell.

« At our trysting-place,* for a certain space,
I must wander to and fro;
But I had not had power to come to thy bower,
Had'st thou not conjured me so.»

* *Trysting-place*—Place of Rendezvous.

Love mastered fear—her brow she crossed;
« How, Richard, hast thou sped?
And art thou saved, or art thou lost?»—
The Vision shook his head!

« Who spilleth life, shall forfeit life;
So bid thy lord believe:
That lawless love is guilt above,
This awful sign receive.»

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam;
His right upon her hand:
The lady shrunk, and fainting sunk,
For it scorched like a fiery brand.

The sable score, of fingers four,
Remains on that board impressed;
And for evermore that lady wore
A covering on her wrist.

There is a Nun in Dryburgh bower
Ne'er looks upon the sun:
There is a Monk in Melrose tower,
He speaketh word to none.

That Nun, who ne'er beholds the day,
That Monk, who speaks to none,
That Nun was Smaylho'me's Lady gay,
That Monk the bold Baron.

NOTES

ON

THE EVE OF SAINT JOHN.

BATTLE OF ANCRAM MOOR.

Lord Evers, and Sir Brian Latoun, during the year 1544, committed the most dreadful ravages upon the Scottish frontiers, compelling most of the inhabitants, and especially the men of Liddesdale, to take assurance under the king of England. Upon the 17th November, in that year, the sum total of their depredations stood thus, in the bloody ledger of Lord Evers.

Towns, towers, barnekynes, paryshe churches, bastill houses, burned and destroyed . .	192
Scots slain	403
Prisoners taken	816
Nolt (cattle)	10,386
Shepe	12,492
Nags and geldings	1,296
Gayt	200
Bolls of corn	850
Insight gear, etc. (furniture) an incalculable quantity.	

MURDIN'S *State Papers*, Vol. i. p. 51.

The king of England had promised to these two barons a feudal grant of the country, which they had thus reduced to a desert; upon hearing which, Archibald Douglas, the seventh

earl of Angus, is said to have sworn to write the deed of investiture upon their skins, with sharp pens and bloody ink, in resentment for their having defaced the tombs of his ancestors, at Melrose.—*Godscroft.* In 1545, Lord Evers and Latoun again entered Scotland with an army, consisting of 3000 mercenaries, 1500 English Borderers, and 700 assured Scottishmen, chiefly Armstrongs, Turnbulls, and other broken clans. In this second incursion, the English generals even exceeded their former cruelty. Evers burned the tower of Broomhouse with its lady (a noble and aged woman, says Lesley), and her whole family. The English penetrated as far as Melrose, which they had destroyed last year, and which they now again pillaged. As they returned towards Jedburgh, they were followed by Angus, at the head of 1000 horse, who was shortly after joined by the famous Norman Lesley, with a body of Fife-men. The English, being probably unwilling to cross the Teviot while the Scots hung upon their rear, halted upon Ancram Moor, above the village of that name; and the Scottish general was deliberating whether to advance or retire, when Sir Walter Scott* of Buccleuch came up, at full speed, with a small but chosen body of his retainers, the rest of whom were near at hand. By the advice of this experienced warrior (to whose conduct Pitscottie and Buchanan ascribe the success of the engagement), Angus withdrew from the height which he occupied, and drew up his forces behind it, upon a piece of low flat ground, called Panier-heugh, or Peniel-heugh. The spare horses, being sent to an eminence in their rear, appeared to the English to be the main body of the Scots, in the

* The editor has found no instance upon record, of this family having taken assurance with England. Hence they usually suffered dreadfully from the English forays. In August, 1544, (the year preceding the battle) the whole lands belonging to Buccleuch, in West Teviotdale, were harried by Evers; the out-works, or barmkin, of the tower of Branxholm, burned; eight Scotts slain, thirty made prisoners, and an immense prey of horses, cattle, and sheep, carried off. The lands upon Kale water, belonging to the same chieftain, were also plundered, and much spoil obtained; 30 Scotts slain, and the Moss Tower (a fortress near Eckford) *smoked very sore.* Thus Buccleuch had a long account to settle at Ancram Moor.—*Murdin's State Papers,* pp. 45, 46.

act of flight. Under this persuasion, Evers and Latoun hurried precipitately forward, and, having ascended the hill, which their foes had abandoned, were no less dismayed than astonished, to find the phalanx of Scottish spearmen drawn up, in firm array, upon the flat ground below. The Scots in their turn became the assailants. A heron, roused from the marshes by the tumult, soared away betwixt the encountering armies: « O!» exclaimed Angus, « that I had here my white goss hawk, « that we might all yoke at once!» —*Godscroft.* The English, breathless and fatigued, having the setting sun and wind full in their faces, were unable to withstand the resolute and desperate charge of the Scottish lances. No sooner had they begun to waver, than their own allies the assured Borderers, who had been waiting the event, threw aside their red crosses, and, joining their countrymen, made a most merciless slaughter among the English fugitives, the pursuers calling upon each other to « remember Broomhouse!» —*Lesley*, p. 478. In the battle fell Lord Evers, and his son, together with Sir Brian Latoun, and 800 Englishmen, many of whom were persons of rank. A thousand prisoners were taken. Among these was a patriotic alderman of London, Read by name, who, having contumaciously refused to pay his portion of a benevolence, demanded from the city by Henry VIII., was sent by royal authority to serve against the Scots. These, at settling his ransom, he found still more exorbitant in their exactions than the monarch.—REDPATH's *Border History*, p. 553. Evers was much regretted by King Henry, who swore to avenge his death upon Angus, against whom he conceived himself to have particular grounds of resentment, on account of favours received by the earl at his hands. The answer of Angus was worthy of a Douglas. « Is our brother-in-law offended,»* said he, « that I, as a good « Scotsman, have avenged my ravaged country, and the defaced « tombs of my ancestors, upon Ralph Evers? They were better « men than he, and I was bound to do no less—and will he « take my life for that? Little knows King Henry the skirts of

* Angus had married the widow of James IV., sister to king Henry VIII.

« Kirnetable:* I can keep myself there against all his English « host.» —*Godscroft.*

Such was the noted battle of Ancram Moor. The spot, on which it was fought, is called Lyliard's Edge, from an Amazonian Scottish woman of that name, who is reported, by tradition, to have distinguished herself in the same manner as squire Witherington. The old people point out her monument, now broken and defaced. The inscription is said to have been legible within this century, and to have run thus:

Fair maiden Lylliard lies under this stane,
Little was her stature, but great was her fame;
Upon the English louns she laid mony thumps,
And when her legs were cutted off, she fought upon her stumps.

Vide Account of the Parish of Melrose.

It appears, from a passage in Stowe, that an ancestor of Lord Evers held also a grant of Scottish lands from an English monarch. « I have seen,» says the historian, « under the broad « seale of the said King Edward I., a manor called Ketnes, in « the countie of Ferfare, in Scotland, and neere the furthest « part of the same nation northward, given to John Eure and « his heirs, ancestor to the lord Eure that now is, and for his « service done in these partes, with market, etc. dated at Laner- « cost, the 20th day of October, anno regis, 34.» —Stowe's *Annals*, p. 210. This grant, like that of Henry, must have been dangerous to the receiver.

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower.—P. 31. v. 5.

The circumstance of the nun, « who never saw the day,» is not entirely imaginary. About fifty years ago, an unfortunate female wanderer took up her residence in a dark vault, among the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, which, during the day, she never quitted. When night fell, she issued from this miserable ha-

* Kirnetable, now called Cairntable, is a mountainous tract at the head of Douglasdale.

bitation, and went to the house of Mr Halliburton of Newmains, the editor's great-grandfather, or to that of Mr Erskine of Shielfield, two gentlemen of the neighbourhood. From their charity she obtained such necessaries as she could be prevailed upon to accept. At twelve, each night, she lighted her candle, and returned to her vault; assuring her friendly neighbours that, during her absence, her habitation was arranged by a spirit, to whom she gave the uncouth name of *Fatlips*; describing him as a little man, wearing heavy iron shoes, with which he trampled the clay floor of the vault, to dispel the damps. This circumstance caused her to be regarded, by the well informed, with compassion, as deranged in her understanding; and by the vulgar, with some degree of terror. The cause of her adopting this extraordinary mode of life she would never explain. It was, however, believed to have been occasioned by a vow, that, during the absence of a man, to whom she was attached, she would never look upon the sun. Her lover never returned. He fell during the civil war of 1745-6, and she never more would behold the light of day.

The vault, or rather dungeon, in which this unfortunate woman lived and died, passes still by the name of the supernatural being, with which its gloom was tenanted by her disturbed imagination, and few of the neighbouring peasants dare enter it by night.

CADYOW CASTLE.

THE ruins of Cadyow, or Cadzow castle, the ancient baronial residence of the family of Hamilton, are situated upon the precipitous banks of the river Evan, about two miles above its junction with the Clyde. It was dismantled, in the conclusion of the civil wars, during the reign of the unfortunate Mary, to whose cause the house of Hamilton devoted themselves with a generous zeal, which occasioned their temporary obscurity, and, very nearly, their total ruin. The situation of the ruins, embosomed in wood, darkened by ivy and creeping shrubs, and overhanging the brawling torrent, is romantic in the highest degree. In the immediate vicinity of Cadyow is a grove of immense oaks, the remains of the Caledonian Forest, which anciently extended through the south of Scotland, from the eastern to the Atlantic Ocean. Some of these trees measure twenty-five feet, and upwards, in circumference, and the state of decay, in which they now appear, shews, that they may have witnessed the rites of the Druids. The whole scenery is included in the magnificent and extensive park of the Duke of Hamilton. There was long preserved in this forest the breed of the Scottish

wild cattle, until their ferocity occasioned their being extirpated, about forty years ago. Their appearance was beautiful, being milk-white, with black muzzles, horns, and hoofs. The bulls are described, by ancient authors, as having white manes; but those of latter days had lost that peculiarity, perhaps by intermixture with the tame breed. *

In detailing the death of the Regent Murray, which is made the subject of the following ballad, it would be injustice to my reader to use other words than those of Dr Robertson, whose account of that memorable event forms a beautiful piece of historical painting.

« Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh was the person who « committed this barbarous action. He had been « condemned to death soon after the battle of Lang- « side, as we have already related, and owed his life « to the regent's clemency. But part of his estate « had been bestowed upon one of the regent's fa- « vourites,** who seized his house, and turned out « his wife, naked, in a cold night, into the open « fields, where, before next morning, she became « furiously mad. This injury made a deeper im- « pression on him than the benefit he had received, « and from that moment he vowed to be revenged « of the regent. Party rage strengthened and in-

* They were formerly kept in the park at Drumlanrig, and are still to be seen at Chillingham Castle in Northumberland. For their nature and ferocity, see Notes.

** This was Sir James Ballenden, Lord-justice-clerk, whose shameful and inhuman rapacity occasioned the catastrophe in the text.—*Spottiswoode.*

« flamed his private resentment. His kinsmen, the « Hamiltons, applauded the enterprize. The maxims « of that age justified the most desperate course he « could take to obtain vengeance. He followed the « regent for some time, and watched for an oppor- « tunity to strike the blow. He resolved, at last, « to wait till his enemy should arrive at Linlithgow, « through which he was to pass, in his way from « Stirling to Edinburgh. He took his stand in a « wooden gallery,* which had a window towards « the street; spread a feather-bed on the floor, to « hinder the noise of his feet from being heard; « hung up a black cloth behind him, that his sha- « dow might not be observed from without; and, « after all this preparation, calmly expected the re- « gent's approach, who had lodged, during the « night, in a house not far distant. Some indistinct « information of the danger, which threatened him, « had been conveyed to the regent, and he paid so « much regard to it, that he resolved to return by the « same gate through which he had entered, and to « fetch a compass round the town. But, as the crowd « about the gate was great, and he himself unac- « quainted with fear, he proceeded directly along « the street; and the throng of people obliging him « to move very slowly, gave the assassin time to

* This projecting gallery is still shewn. The house to which it was attached, was the property of the Archbishop of St Andrews, a natural brother of the Duke of Chatelherault, and uncle to Bothwellhaugh. This, among many other circumstances, seems to evince the aid which Bothwellhaugh received from his clan in effecting his purpose.

« take so true an aim, that he shot him, with a « single bullet, through the lower part of his belly, « and killed the horse of a gentleman, who rode on « his other side. His followers instantly endeavour- « ed to break into the house, whence the blow had « come; but they found the door strongly barri- « caded, and, before it could be forced open, Ha- « milton had mounted a fleet-horse,* which stood « ready for him at a back-passage, and was got far « beyond their reach. The regent died the same « night of his wound.»—*History of Scotland*, book v.

Bothwellhaugh rode straight to Hamilton, where he was received in triumph; for the ashes of the houses in Clydesdale, which had been burned by Murray's army, were yet smoking; and party prejudice, the habits of the age, and the enormity of the provocation, seemed to his kinsmen to justify his deed. After a short abode at Hamilton, this fierce and determined man left Scotland, and served in France, under the patronage of the family of Guise, to whom he was doubtless recommended by having avenged the cause of their niece, Queen Mary, upon her ungrateful brother. De Thou has recorded, that an attempt was made to engage him to assassinate Gaspar de Coligni, the famous admiral of France, and the buckler of the Huguenot cause. But the character of Bothwellhaugh was mistaken. He was no mercenary trader in blood, and rejected the offer with contempt and indignation. He had no authority, he said, from Scotland, to commit

* The gift of Lord John Hamilton, commendator of Arbroath.

murders in France; he had avenged his own just quarrel, but he would neither, for price nor prayer, avenge that of another man.—*Thuanus*, cap. 46.

The regent's death happened 23d January 1569. It is applauded, or stigmatized, by contemporary historians, according to their religious or party prejudices. The triumph of Blackwood is unbounded. He not only extols the pious feat of Bothwellhaugh, « who, » he observes, « satisfied, with a single ounce « of lead, him, whose sacrilegious avarice had stript « the metropolitan church of St Andrews of its co- « vering; » but he ascribes it to immediate divine inspiration, and the escape of Hamilton to little less than the miraculous interference of the Deity.—*Jebb*, vol. ii. p. 263. With equal injustice, it was, by others, made the ground of a general national reflection; for, when Mather urged Berney to assassinate Burleigh, and quoted the examples of Poltrot and Bothwellhaugh, the other conspirator answered, « that neyther Poltrot nor Hambleton did « attempt their enterpryse, without some reason or « consideration to lead them to it: as the one, by « hyre, and promise of preferment or rewarde; the « other, upon desperate mind of revenge, for a lytle « wrong done unto him, as the report goethe, ac- « cordinge to the vyle trayterous dysposysyon of the « hoole natyon of the Scottes. »—MURDIN's *State Papers*, vol. i. p. 197.

CADYOW CASTLE.

ADDRESSED TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY ANNE HAMILTON.

When princely Hamilton's abode
  Ennobled Cadyow's Gothic towers,
The song went round, the goblet flowed,
  And revel sped the laughing hours.

Then, thrilling to the harp's gay sound,
  So sweetly rung each vaulted wall,
And echoed light the dancer's bound,
  As mirth and music cheer'd the hall.

But Cadyow's towers, in ruins laid,
  And vaults, by ivy mantled o'er,
Thrill to the music of the shade,
  Or echo Evan's hoarser roar.

Yet still, of Cadyow's faded fame,
  You bid me tell a minstrel tale,

And tune my harp, of Border frame,
On the wild banks of Evandale.

For thou, from scenes of courtly pride,
From pleasure's lighter scenes, canst turn,
To draw oblivion's pall aside,
And mark the long-forgotten urn.

Then, noble maid! at thy command,
Again the crumbled halls shall rise;
Lo! as on Evan's banks we stand,
The past returns—the present flies.—

Where with the rock's wood-covered side
Were blended late the ruins green,
Rise turrets in fantastic pride,
And feudal banners flaunt between:

Where the rude torrent's brawling course
Was shagged with thorn and tangling sloe,
The ashler buttress braves its force,
And ramparts frown in battled row.

'Tis night—the shade of keep and spire
Obscurely dance on Evan's stream,
And on the wave the warder's fire
Is chequering the moon-light beam.

Fades slow their light; the east is grey;
The weary warder leaves his tower;
Steeds snort; uncoupled stag-hounds bay,
And merry hunters quit the bower.

The draw-bridge falls—they hurry out—
Clatters each plank and swinging chain,
As, dashing o'er, the jovial route
Urge the shy steed, and slack the rein.

First of his troop, the Chief rode on;
His shouting merry-men throng behind;
The steed of princely Hamilton
Was fleeter than the mountain wind.

From the thick copse the roe-bucks bound,
The startling red-deer scuds the plain;
For the hoarse bugle's warrior sound
Has roused their mountain haunts again.

Through the huge oaks of Evandale,
Whose limbs a thousand years have worn,
What sullen roar comes down the gale,
And drowns the hunter's pealing horn?

Mightiest of all the beasts of chace,
That roam in woody Caledon,
Crashing the forest in his race,
The Mountain Bull comes thundering on.

Fierce, on the hunter's quivered band,
He rolls his eye of swarthy glow,
Spurns, with black hoof and horn, the sand,
And tosses high his mane of snow.

Aimed well, the Chieftain's lance has flown;
Struggling in blood the savage lies;

His roar is sunk in hollow groan—
Sound, merry huntsmen! sound the *pryse!**

'Tis noon—against the knotted oak
The hunters rest the idle spear;
Curls through the trees the slender smoke,
Where yeomen dight the woodland cheer.

Proudly the Chieftain marked his clan,
On greenwood lap all careless thrown,
Yet missed his eye the boldest man,
That bore the name of Hamilton.

« Why fills not Bothwellhaugh his place,
Still wont our weal and woe to share?
Why comes he not our sport to grace?
Why shares he not our hunter's fare?»

Stern Claud replied, with darkening face,
(Grey Pasley's haughty lord was he)
« At merry feast, or buxom chace,
No more the warrior shalt thou see.

« Few suns have set, since Woodhouselee
Saw Bothwellhaugh's bright goblets foam,
When to his hearths, in social glee,
The war-worn soldier turn'd him home.

« There, wan from her maternal throes,
His Margaret, beautiful and mild,

* *Pryse*—The note blown at the death of the game.

Sate in her bower, a pallid rose,
And peaceful nursed her new-born child.

« O change accursed! past are those days;
False Murray's ruthless spoilers came,
And, for the hearth's domestic blaze,
Ascends destruction's volumed flame.

« What sheeted phantom wanders wild,
Where mountain Eske through woodland flows,
Her arms enfold a shadowy child—
Oh is it she, the pallid rose?

« The wildered traveller sees her glide,
And hears her feeble voice with awe—
'Revenge,' she cries, 'on Murray's pride!
And woe for injured Bothwellhaugh!'»

He ceased—and cries of rage and grief
Burst mingling from the kindred band,
And half arose the kindling Chief,
And half unsheathed his Arran brand.

But who, o'er bush, o'er stream, and rock,
Rides headlong, with resistless speed,
Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke
Drives to the leap his jaded steed;

Whose cheek is pale, whose eye-balls glare,
As one, some visioned sight that saw,
Whose hands are bloody, loose his hair?—
—'Tis he! 'tis he! 'tis Bothwellhaugh!

From gory selle,* and reeling steed,
Sprung the fierce horseman with a bound,
And, reeking from the recent deed,
He dashed his carbine on the ground.

Sternly he spoke—« 'Tis sweet to hear,
In good green-wood, the bugle blown;
But sweeter to Revenge's ear,
To drink a tyrant's dying groan.

« Your slaughtered quarry proudly trod,
At dawning morn, o'er dale and down,
But prouder base-born Murray rode
Through old Linlithgow's crowded town.

« From the wild Border's humbled side,
In haughty triumph marched he,
While Knox relaxed his bigot pride,
And smiled, the traitorous pomp to see.

« But, can stern Power, with all his vaunt,
Or Pomp, with all her courtly glare,
The settled heart of Vengeance daunt,
Or change the purpose of Despair?

« With hackbut bent,** my secret stand,
Dark as the purposed deed, I chose,
And marked, where, mingling in his band,
Trooped Scottish pikes and English bows.

* *Selle*—Saddle. A word used by Spencer, and other ancient authors.

** *Hackbut bent*—Gun cocked.

« Dark Morton, girt with many a spear,
Murder's foul minion, led the van;
And clashed their broad-swords in the rear,
The wild Macfarlane's plaided clan.

« Glencairn and stout Parkhead were nigh,
Obsequious at their Regent's rein,
And haggard Lindesay's iron eye,
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.

« Mid pennon'd spears, a steely grove,
Proud Murray's plumage floated high;
Scarce could his trampling charger move,
So close the minions crowded nigh.

« From the raised vizor's shade, his eye,
Dark-rolling, glanced the ranks along,
And his steel truncheon, waved on high,
Seemed marshalling the iron throng.

« But yet his saddened brow confessed
A passing shade of doubt and awe;
Some fiend was whispering in his breast,
'Beware of injured Bothwellhaugh!'

« The death-shot parts—the charger springs—
Wild rises tumult's startling roar!»—
And Murray's plumy helmet rings—
—Rings on the ground, to rise no more.

« What joy the raptured youth can feel,
To hear her love the loved one tell,

Or he, who broaches on his steel
The wolf, by whom his infant fell!

« But dearer to my injured eye,
To see in dust proud Murray roll;
And mine was ten times trebled joy,
To hear him groan his felon soul.

« My Margaret's spectre glided near;
With pride her bleeding victim saw;
And shrieked in his death-deafened ear,
'Remember injured Bothwellhaugh!'

« Then speed thee, noble Chatlerault!
Spread to the wind thy bannered tree!
Each warrior bend his Clydesdale bow!—
Murray is fallen, and Scotland free!»

Vaults every warrior to his steed;
Loud bugles join their wild acclaim—
« Murray is fallen, and Scotland freed!
Couch, Arran! couch thy spear of flame!»

But, see! the Minstrel vision fails—
The glimmering spears are seen no more;
The shouts of war die on the gales,
Or sink in Evan's lonely roar.

For the loud bugle, pealing high,
The blackbird whistles down the vale,
And sunk in ivied ruins lie
The bannered towers of Evandale.

For Chiefs intent on bloody deed,
And Vengeance shouting o'er the slain,
Lo! high-born Beauty rules the steed,
Or graceful guides the silken rein.

And long may Peace and Pleasure own
The maids, who list the Minstrel's tale;
Nor e'er a ruder guest be known
On the fair banks of Evandale!

NOTES

ON

CADYOW CASTLE.

First of his troop, the Chief rode on.—P. 47. v. 2.

The head of the family of Hamilton, at this period, was James, earl of Arran, duke of Chatelherault in France, and first peer of the Scottish realm. In 1569, he was appointed by Queen Mary, her lieutenant-general in Scotland, under the singular title of her adopted father.

The Mountain Bull comes thundering on.—P. 47. v. 5.

« In Caledonia olim frequens erat sylvestris quidam bos, « nunc vero rarior, qui colore candidissimo, jubam densam et « demissam instar leonis gestat, truculentus ac ferus ab humano « genere abhorrens, ut quæcunque homines vel manibus con- « trectarint, vel halitu perflaverunt, ab iis multos post dies « omnino abstinuerint. Ad hoc tanta audacia huic bovi indita « erat, ut non solum irritatus equites furenter prosterneret, « sed ne tantillum lacessitus omnes promiscue homines corni- « bus, ac ungulis peterit; ac canum, qui apud nos ferocissimi « sunt, impetus plane contemnerit. Ejus carnes cartilaginosæ « sed saporis suavissimi. Erat is olim per illam vastissimam « Caledoniæ sylvam frequens, sed humana ingluvie jam as- « sumptus tribus tantum locis est reliquus, Strivilingii, Cum- « bernaldiæ, et Kincarniæ.»—*Leslæus, Scotiæ Descriptio*, p. 13.

Stern Claud replied, with darkening face,
(Grey Pasley's haughty lord was he.)—P. 48. v. 4.

Lord Claud Hamilton, second son of the duke of Chatelherault, and commendator of the abbey of Paisley, acted a distinguished part during the troubles of Queen Mary's reign, and remained unalterably attached to the cause of that unfortunate princess. He led the van of her army at the fatal battle of Langside, and was one of the commanders at the Raid of Stirling, which had so nearly given complete success to the Queen's faction. He was ancestor to the present Marquis of Abercorn.

Few suns have set, since Woodhouselee.—P. 48. v. 5.

This barony, stretching along the banks of the Esk, near Auchendinny, belonged to Bothwellhaugh, in right of his wife. The ruins of the mansion, from whence she was expelled in the brutal manner which occasioned her death, are still to be seen, in a hollow glen beside the river. Popular report tenants them with the restless ghost of the lady Bothwellhaugh; whom, however, it confounds with lady Anne Bothwell, whose *Lament* is so popular. This spectre is so tenacious of her rights, that, a part of the stones of the ancient edifice having been employed in building or repairing the present Woodhouselee, she has deemed it a part of her privilege to haunt that house also; and, even of very late years, has excited considerable disturbance and terror among the domestics. This is a more remarkable vindication of the *rights of ghosts*, as the present Woodhouselee, which gives his title to the honourable Alexander Fraser Tytler, a senator of the College of Justice, is situated on the slope of the Pentland hills, distant at least four miles from her proper abode. She always appears in white, and with a child in her arms.

Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke
Drives to the leap his jaded steed.—P. 49. v. 5.

Birrel informs us, that Bothwellhaugh, being closely pursued, « after that spur and wand had failed him, he drew forth « his dagger, and strocke his horse behind, whilk caused the

« horse to leap a very brode stank (*i. e.* ditch), by whilk meâns « he escapit, and gat away from all the rest of the horses.»— *Birrell's Diary*, p. 18.

From the wild Border's humbled side,
In haughty triumph marched he.—P. 50. v. 4.

Murray's death took place shortly after an expedition to the Borders; which is thus commemorated by the author of his elegy:—

« So having stablischt all thing in this sort,
« To Liddisdaill again he did resort,
« Throw Ewisdail, Eskdail, and all the dails rode he,
« And also lay three nights in Cannabie,
« Whair na prince lay thir hundred yeiris before,
« Nae thief durst stir, they did him feir so sair;
« And, that they suld na mair thair thift alledge,
« Threescore and twelf he brocht of thame in pledge,
« Syne wardit thame, whilk made the rest keep ordour,
« Than mycht the rasch-bus keep ky on the Bordour.»
Scottish Poems, 16th century, p. 232.

With hackbut bent, my secret stand.—P. 50. v. 6.

The carabine, with which the regent was shot, is preserved at Hamilton palace. It is a brass piece, of a middling length, very small in the bore, and, what is rather extraordinary, appears to have been rifled or indented in the barrel. It had a matchlock, for which a modern fire-lock has been injudiciously substituted.

Dark Morton, girt with many a spear.—P. 51. v. 1.

Of this noted person it is enough to say, that he was active in the murder of David Rizzio, and at least privy to that of Darnley.

The wild Macfarlane's plaided clan.—P. 51. v. 1.

This clan of Lennox Highlanders were attached to the regent Murray. Holinshed speaking of the battle of Langsyde, says,

« In this batayle the valiance of an hieland gentleman, named « Macfarlane, stood the regent's part in great steede; for, in « the hottest brunte of the fighte, he came up with two hundred « of his friendes and countrymen, and so manfully gave in upon « the flankes of the queene's people, that he was a great cause of « the disordering of them. This Macfarlane had been lately be- « fore, as I have heard, condemned to die, for some outrage by « him committed, and obtayning pardon through suyte of the « countess of Murray, he recompenced that clemencie by this « piece of service now at this batayle.» Calderwood's account is less favourable to the Macfarlanes. He states, that « Macfar- « lane, with his Highlandmen, fled from the wing where they « were set. The Lord Lindesay, who stood nearest to them in « the regent's battle, said, 'Let them go! I shall fill their places « better:' and so stepping forward with a company of fresh men, « charged the enemy, whose spears were now spent, with long « weapons, so that they were driven back by force, being before « almost overthrown by the avant-guard and harquebusiers, and « so were turned to flight.» —*Calderwood's MS. apud Keith, p.* 480. Melville mentions the flight of the vanguard, but states it to have been commanded by Morton, and composed chiefly of commoners of the barony of Renfrew.

Glencairn, and stout Parkhead were nigh,
Obsequious at their regent's rein.—P. 51. v. 2.

The earl of Glencairn was a steady adherent of the regent. George Douglas of Parkhead was a natural brother of the Earl of Morton: his horse was killed by the same ball by which Murray fell.

And haggard Lindesay's iron eye,
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.—P. 51. v. 2.

Lord Lindesay, of the Byres, was the most ferocious and brutal of the regent's faction; and, as such, was employed to extort Mary's signature to the deed of resignation, presented to her in Lochleven castle. He discharged his commission with the most savage rigour; and it is even said, that when the weeping captive,

in the act of signing, averted her eyes from the fatal deed, he pinched her arm with the grasp of his iron glove.

Scarce could his trampling charger move,
So close the minions crowded nigh.—P. 51. v. 3.

Richard Bannatyne mentions in his journal, that John Knox repeatedly warned Murray to avoid Linlithgow.

Not only had the regent notice of the intended attempt upon his life, but even of the very house from which it was threatened. —With that infatuation, at which men wonder after such events have happened, he deemed it would be a sufficient precaution to ride briskly past the dangerous spot. But even this was prevented by the crowd: so that Bothwellhaugh had time to take a deliberate aim.—*Spottiswood, p.* 233. *Buchanan.*

THE GREY BROTHER.

A FRAGMENT.

THE imperfect state of this ballad, which was written several years ago, is not a circumstance affected for the purpose of giving it that peculiar interest, which is often found to arise from ungratified curiosity. On the contrary, it was the author's intention to have completed the tale, if he had found himself able to succeed to his own satisfaction. Yielding to the opinion of persons, whose judgment, if not biassed by the partiality of friendship, is entitled to deference, the author has preferred inserting these verses, as a fragment, to his intention of entirely suppressing them.

The tradition, upon which the tale is founded, regards a house, upon the barony of Gilmerton, near Lasswade, in Mid Lothian. This building, now called Gilmerton-Grange, was originally named Burndale, from the following tragic adventure. The Barony of Gilmerton belonged of yore to a gentleman, named Heron, who had one beautiful daughter. This young lady was seduced by the abbot of Newbottle, a richly endowed abbey, upon the banks of the South Esk, now a seat of the Marquis of Lothian.

Heron came to the knowledge of this circumstance, and learned, also, that the lovers carried on their guilty intercourse by the connivance of the lady's nurse, who lived at this house, of Gilmerton-Grange or Burndale. He formed a resolution of bloody vengeance, undeterred by the supposed sanctity of the clerical character, or by the stronger claims of natural affection. Chusing, therefore, a dark and windy night, when the objects of his vengeance were engaged in a stolen interview, he set fire to a stack of dried thorns, and other combustibles, which he had caused to be piled against the house, and reduced to a pile of glowing ashes the dwelling, with all its inmates.*

The scene, with which the ballad opens, was suggested by the following curious passage, extracted from the Life of Alexander Peden, one of the wandering and persecuted teachers of the sect of Cameronians, during the reign of Charles II. and his successor, James. This person was supposed by his followers, and perhaps really believed himself, to be possessed of supernatural gifts; for the wild scenes, which they frequented, and the constant dangers, which were incurred through their proscription, deepened upon their minds the gloom of superstition, so general in that age.

* This tradition was communicated to me by John Clerk, Esq. of Eldin, author of an *Essay upon Naval Tactics;* who will be remembered by posterity, as having taught the Genius of Britain to concentrate her thunders, and to launch them against her foes with an unerring aim.

« About the same time he (Peden) came to Andrew « Normand's house, in the parish of Alloway, in the « shire of Ayr, being to preach at night in his barn. « After he came in, he halted a little, leaning upon a « chair-back, with his face covered; when he lifted « up his head, he said, 'There are in this house that « I have not one word of salvation unto;' he halted « a little again, saying, 'This is strange, that the « devil will not go out, that we may begin our « work!' Then there was a woman went out, ill- « looked upon almost all her life, and to her dying « hour, for a witch, with many presumptions of the « same. It escaped me, in the former passages, that « John Muirhead (whom I have often mentioned) « told me, that when he came from Ireland to Gal- « loway, he was at family-worship, and giving some « notes upon the Scripture, when a very ill-looking « man came, and sate down within the door, at the « back of the *hallan* (partition of the cottage): im- « mediately he halted, and said, 'There is some un- « happy body just now come into this house. I « charge him to go out, and not stop my mouth!' « The person went out, and he *insisted* (went on), « yet he saw him neither come in nor go out.»— *The Life and Prophecies of Mr Alexander Peden, late Minister of the Gospel at New Glenluce, in Galloway,* part ii. § 26.

THE

GREY BROTHER.

THE Pope he was saying the high, high mass,
All on Saint Peter's day,
With the power to him given, by the saints in heaven,
To wash men's sins away.

The Pope he was saying the blessed mass,
And the people kneeled around;
And from each man's soul his sins did pass,
As he kissed the holy ground.

And all, among the crowded throng,
Was still, both limb and tongue,
While through vaulted roof, and aisles aloof,
The holy accents rung.

At the holiest word he quivered for fear,
And faultered in the sound—
And, when he would the chalice rear,
He dropped it on the ground.

« The breath of one, of evil deed,
Pollutes our sacred day;
He has no portion in our creed,
No part in what I say.

« A being, whom no blessed word
To ghostly peace can bring;
A wretch, at whose approach abhorred,
Recoils each holy thing.

Up, up, unhappy! haste, arise!
My adjuration fear!
I charge thee not to stop my voice,
Nor longer tarry here!»

Amid them all a Pilgrim kneeled,
In gown of sackcloth gray;
Far journeying from his native field,
He first saw Rome that day.

For forty days and nights so drear,
I ween, he had not spoke,
And, save with bread and water clear,
His fast he ne'er had broke.

Amid the penitential flock,
Seemed none more bent to pray;
But, when the Holy Father spoke,
He rose, and went his way.

Again unto his native land,
His weary course he drew,

To Lothian's fair and fertile strand,
And Pentland's mountains blue.

His unblest feet his native seat,
Mid Eske's fair woods, regain;
Through woods more fair no stream more sweet
Rolls to the eastern main.

And lords to meet the Pilgrim came,
And vassals bent the knee;
For all mid Scotland's chiefs of fame,
Was none more famed than he.

And boldly for his country still,
In battle he had stood,
Aye, even when, on the banks of Till,
Her noblest poured their blood.

Sweet are the paths, O, passing sweet!
By Eske's fair streams that run,
O'er airy steep, through copsewood deep,
Impervious to the sun.

There the rapt poet's step may rove,
And yield the muse the day;
There Beauty, led by timid Love,
May shun the tell-tale ray;

From that fair dome, where suit is paid,
By blast of bugle free,
To Auchendinny's hazel glade,
And haunted Woodhouselee.

Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,
And Roslin's rocky glen,
Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,
And classic Hawthornden?

Yet never a path, from day to day,
The Pilgrim's footsteps range,
Save but the solitary way
To Burndale's ruined Grange.

A woeful place was that, I ween,
As sorrow could desire;
For, nodding to the fall was each crumbling wall,
And the roof was scathed with fire.

It fell upon a summer's eve,
While, on Carnethy's head,
The last faint gleams of the sun's low beams
Had streaked the grey with red;

And the convent bell did vespers tell,
Newbottle's oaks among,
And mingled with the solemn knell
Our Ladye's evening song;

The heavy knell, the choir's faint swell,
Came slowly down the wind,
And on the Pilgrim's ear they fell,
As his wonted path he did find.

Deep sunk in thought, I ween, he was,
Nor ever raised his eye,

Until he came to that dreary place,
Which did all in ruins lie.

He gazed on the walls so scathed with fire,
With many a bitter groan—
And there was aware of a Grey Friar,
Resting him on a stone.

« Now, Christ thee save!» said the Grey Brother;
« Some pilgrim thou seemest to be.»
But in sore amaze did Lord Albert gaze,
Nor answer again made he.

« O come ye from east, or come ye from west,
Or bring reliques from over the sea,
Or come ye from the shrine of Saint James the divine,
Or Saint John of Beverly?»

« I come not from the shrine of Saint James the divine,
Nor bring reliques from over the sea;
I bring but a curse from our father, the Pope,
Which for ever will cling to me.»

« Now, woeful Pilgrim, say not so!
But kneel thee down by me,
And shrive thee so clean of thy deadly sin,
That absolved thou may'st be.»

« And who art thou, thou Grey Brother,
That I should shrive to thee,

When he, to whom are given the keys of earth and
heaven,
Has no power to pardon me?»

« O I am sent from a distant clime,
Five thousand miles away,
And all to absolve a foul, foul crime,
Done *here* 'twixt night and day.»

The Pilgrim kneeled him on the sand,
And thus began his saye—
When on his neck an ice-cold hand
Did that Grey Brother laye.

* * * * * * * *

NOTES

ON

THE GREY BROTHER.

From that fair dome, where suit is paid
By blast of bugle free.—P. 67. v. 6.

The barony of Pennycuik, the property of Sir George Clerk, Bart., is held by a singular tenure; the proprietor being bound to sit upon a large rocky fragment, called the Buckstane, and wind three blasts of a horn, when the king shall come to hunt on the Borough Muir, near Edinburgh. Hence, the family have adopted, as their crest, a demi-forester proper, winding a horn, with the motto, *Free for a Blast.* The beautiful mansion-house of Pennicuik is much admired, both on account of the architecture and surrounding scenery.

To Auchendinny's hazel glade.—P. 67. v. 6.

Auchendinny, situated upon the Eske, below Pennycuik, the present residence of the ingenious H. Mackenzie, Esq. author of *The Man of Feeling*, etc.

And haunted Woodhouselee.—P. 67. v. 6.

For the traditions connected with this ruinous mansion, see the ballad of *Cadyow Castle*, p. 48.

Who knows not Melville's beechy grove.—P. 68. v. 1.

Melville Castle, the seat of the honourable Robert Dundas, member for the county of Mid-Lothian, is delightfully situated

upon the Eske, near Laswade. It gives the title of viscount to his father, lord Melville.

And Roslin's rocky glen.—P. 68. v. 1.

The ruins of Roslin Castle, the baronial residence of the ancient family of St Clair. The Gothic Chapel, which is still in beautiful preservation, with the romantic and woody dell in which they are situated, belong to the right honourable the Earl of Rosslyn, the representative of the former lords of Roslin.

Dalkeith, which all the virtues love.—P. 68. v. 1.

The village and castle of Dalkeith belonged, of old, to the famous earl of Morton, but is now the residence of the noble family of Buccleuch. The park extends along the Eske, which is there joined by its sister stream of the same name.

And classic Hawthornden.—P. 68. v. 1.

Hawthornden, the residence of the poet Drummond. A house of more modern date is enclosed, as it were, by the ruins of the ancient castle, and overhangs a tremendous precipice, upon the banks of the Eske, perforated by winding caves, which, in former times, formed a refuge to the oppressed patriots of Scotland. Here Drummond received Ben Jonson, who journeyed from London, on foot, in order to visit him. The beauty of this striking scene has been much injured, of late years, by the indiscriminate use of the axe. The traveller now looks in vain for the leafy bower,

« Where Jonson sate in Drummond's social shade. »

Upon the whole, tracing the Eske from its source, till it joins the sea, at Musselburgh, no stream in Scotland can boast such a varied succession of the most interesting objects, as well as of the most romantic and beautiful scenery.

THE FIRE-KING.

« The blessings of the evil Genii, which are curses, were
« upon him.» *Eastern Tale.*

This ballad was written at the request of Mr Lewis, *to be inserted in his* « Tales of Wonder.» *It is the third in a series of four ballads, on the subject of Elementary Spirits. The story is, however, partly historical; for it is recorded, that, during the struggles of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, a Knight-Templar, called Saint-Alban, deserted to the Saracens, and defeated the Christians in many combats, till he was finally routed and slain, in a conflict with King Baldwin, under the walls of Jerusalem.*

Bold knights and fair dames, to my harp give an ear,
Of love, and of war, and of wonder to hear;
And you haply may sigh, in the midst of your glee,
At the tale of Count Albert, and fair Rosalie.

O see you that castle, so strong and so high?
And see you that lady, the tear in her eye?
And see you that palmer from Palestine's land,
The shell on his hat, and the staff in his hand?—

« Now palmer, grey palmer, O tell unto me,
What news bring you home from the Holy Countrie?

And how goes the warfare by Gallilee's strand?
And how fare our nobles, the flower of the land?»

« O well goes the warfare by Gallilee's wave,
For Gilead, and Nablous, and Ramah we have;
And well fare our nobles by Mount Lebanon,
For the Heathen have lost, and the Christians have won.»—

A fair chain of gold mid her ringlets there hung;
O'er the palmer's grey locks the fair chain has she flung:
« O palmer, grey palmer, this chain be thy fee,
For the news thou hast brought from the Holy Countrie.

« And palmer, good palmer, by Gallilee's wave,
O saw ye Count Albert, the gentle and brave?
When the Crescent went back, and the Red-cross rush'd on,
O saw ye him foremost on Mount Lebanon?»—

« O lady, fair lady, the tree green it grows;
O lady, fair lady, the stream pure it flows;
Your castle stands strong, and your hopes soar on high;
But lady, fair lady, all blossoms to die.

« The green boughs they wither, the thunderbolt falls,
It leaves of your castle but levin-scorched walls;
The pure stream runs muddy; the gay hope is gone;
Count Albert is prisoner on Mount Lebanon.»—

O she's ta'en a horse, should be fleet at her speed;
And she's ta'en a sword, should be sharp at her need;
And she has ta'en shipping for Palestine's land,
To ransom Count Albert from Soldanrie's hand.

Small thought had Count Albert on fair Rosalie,
Small thought on his faith, or his knighthood had he;
A heathenish damsel his light heart had won,
The Soldan's fair daughter of Mount Lebanon.

« Oh Christian, brave Christian, my love would'st thou be,
Three things must thou do ere I hearken to thee:
Our laws and our worship on thee shalt thou take;
And this thou shalt first do for Zulema's sake.

« And, next, in the cavern, where burns evermore
The mystical flame which the Curdmans adore,
Alone, and in silence, three nights shalt thou wake;
And this thou shalt next do for Zulema's sake.

« And, last, thou shalt aid us with counsel and hand,
To drive the Frank robber from Palestine's land;
For my lord and my love then Count Albert I'll take,
When all this is accomplished for Zulema's sake.»—

He has thrown by his helmet and cross-handled sword,
Renouncing his knighthood, denying his Lord;
He has ta'en the green caftan, and turban put on,
For the love of the maiden of fair Lebanon.

And in the dread cavern, deep deep under ground,
Which fifty steel gates and steel portals surround,
He has watched until day-break, but sight saw he none,
Save the flame burning bright on its altar of stone.

Amazed was the princess, the Soldan amazed,
Sore murmured the priests as on Albert they gazed;
They searched all his garments, and, under his weeds,
They found, and took from him, his rosary beads.

Again in the cavern, deep deep under ground,
He watched the lone night, while the winds whistled round;
Far off was their murmur, it came not more nigh,
The flame burned unmoved, and nought else did he spy.

Loud murmured the priests, and amazed was the king,
While many dark spells of their witchcraft they sing;
They search'd Albert's body, and, lo! on his breast
Was the sign of the Cross, by his father impressed.

The priests they erase it with care and with pain,
And the recreant return'd to the cavern again;
But, as he descended, a whisper there fell!—
It was his good angel, who bade him farewell!

High bristled his hair, his heart fluttered and beat,
And he turned him five steps, half resolved to retreat;
But his heart it was hardened, his purpose was gone,
When he thought of the maiden of fair Lebanon.

Scarce passed he the archway, the threshold scarce
trod,
When the winds from the four points of Heaven were
abroad;
They made each steel portal to rattle and ring,
And, borne on the blast, came the dread Fire-King.

Full sore rocked the cavern whene'er he drew nigh,
The fire on the altar blazed bickering and high;
In volcanic explosions the mountains proclaim
The dreadful approach of the Monarch of Flame.

Unmeasured in height, undistinguished in form,
His breath it was lightning, his voice it was storm;
I ween the stout heart of Count Albert was tame,
When he saw in his terrors the Monarch of Flame.

In his hand a broad faulchion blue-glimmer'd
through smoke,
And Mount Lebanon shook as the monarch he
spoke:—
« With this brand shalt thou conquer, thus long, and
no more,
Till thou bend to the Cross, and the Virgin adore.»

The cloud-shrouded Arm gives the weapon; and, see!
The recreant receives the charm'd gift on his knee:
The thunders grow distant, and faint gleam the fires,
As, borne on his whirlwind, the Phantom retires.

Count Albert has armed him the Paynim among,
Though his heart it was false, yet his arm it was
strong;

And the Red-cross waxed faint, and the Crescent
came on,
From the day he commanded on Mount Lebanon.

From Lebanon's forests to Gallilee's wave,
The sands of Samaar drank the blood of the brave;
Till the knights of the Temple, and Knights of Saint
John,
With Salem's King Baldwin, against him came on.

The war-cymbals clattered, the trumpets replied,
The lances were couched, and they closed on each
side;
And horsemen and horses Count Albert o'erthrew,
Till he pierced the thick tumult King Baldwin unto.

Against the charmed blade which Count Albert did
wield,
The fence had been vain of the King's Red-cross
shield;
But a Page thrust him forward the monarch before,
And cleft the proud turban the renegade wore.

So fell was the dint, that Count Albert stooped low
Before the crossed shield, to his steel saddle-bow;
And scarce had he bent to the Red-cross his head,—
« *Bonne grace, notre Dame,*» he unwittingly said.

Sore sighed the charmed sword, for its virtue was o'er,
It sprung from his grasp, and was never seen more;
But true men have said, that the lightning's red wing
Did waft back the brand to the dread Fire-King.

He clenched his set teeth, and his gauntletted hand;
He stretched, with one buffet, that Page on the strand;
As back from the stripling the broken casque rolled,
You might see the blue eyes, and the ringlets of gold.

Short time had Count Albert in horror to stare
On those death-swimming eye-balls, and blood-clotted hair;
For down came the Templars, like Cedron in flood,
And dyed their long lances in Saracen blood.

The Saracens, Curdmans, and Ishmaelites yield
To the scallop, the saltier, and crosletted shield;
And the eagles were gorged with the infidel dead,
From Bethsaida's fountains to Naphtali's head.

The battle is over on Bethsaida's plain.—
Oh, who is yon Paynim lies stretched mid the slain?
And who is yon Page lying cold at his knee?—
Oh, who but Count Albert and fair Rosalie.

The Lady was buried in Salem's blessed bound,
The Count he was left to the vulture and hound:
Her soul to high mercy Our Lady did bring;
His went on the blast to the dread Fire-King.

Yet many a minstrel, in harping, can tell,
How the Red Cross it conquered, the Crescent it fell;
And lords and gay ladies have sighed, mid their glee,
At the tale of Count Albert and fair Rosalie.

FREDERICK AND ALICE.

This tale is imitated, rather than translated, from a fragment introduced in Goethe's « Claudina von Villa Bella,» *where it is sung by a member of a gang of banditti, to engage the attention of the family, while his companions break into the castle. It owes any little merit it may possess to my friend* Mr Lewis, *to whom it was sent in an extremely rude state; and who, after some material improvements, published it in his* « Tales of Wonder.»

Frederick leaves the land of France,
Homeward hastes his steps to measure;
Careless casts the parting glance
On the scene of former pleasure;

Joying in his prancing steed,
Keen to prove his untried blade,
Hope's gay dreams the soldier lead
Over mountain, moor, and glade.

Helpless, ruined, left forlorn,
Lovely Alice wept alone;
Mourn'd o'er love's fond contract torn,
Hope, and peace, and honour flown.

Mark her breast's convulsive throbs!
See, the tear of anguish flows!—
Mingling soon with bursting sobs,
Loud the laugh of frenzy rose.

Wild she cursed, and wild she prayed;
Seven long days and nights are o'er;
Death in pity brought his aid,
As the village bell struck four.

Far from her, and far from France,
Faithless Frederick onward rides;
Marking, blythe, the morning's glance
Mantling o'er the mountain's sides.

Heard ye not the boding sound,
As the tongue of yonder tower,
Slowly, to the hills around,
Told the fourth, the fated hour?

Starts the steed, and snuffs the air,
Yet no cause of dread appears;
Bristles high the rider's hair,
Struck with strange mysterious fears.

Desperate, as his terrors rise,
In the steed the spur he hides;
From himself in vain he flies;
Anxious, restless, on he rides.

Seven long days, and seven long nights,
Wild he wandered, woe the while!

Ceaseless care, and causeless frights,
Urge his footsteps many a mile.

Dark the seventh sad night descends;
Rivers swell, and rain-streams pour;
While the deafening thunder lends
All the terrors of its roar.

Weary, wet, and spent with toil,
Where his head shall Frederick hide?
Where, but in yon ruined aisle,
By the lightning's flash descried.

To the portal, dank and low,
Fast his steed the wanderer bound;
Down a ruined staircase slow,
Next his darkling way he wound.

Long drear vaults before him lie!
Glimmering lights are seen to glide!—
« Blessed Mary, hear my cry!
Deign a sinner's steps to guide!»—

Often lost their quivering beam,
Still the lights move slow before,
Till they rest their ghastly gleam
Right against an iron door.

Thundering voices from within,
Mixed with peals of laughter, rose;
As they fell, a solemn strain
Lent its wild and wondrous close!

Midst the din, he seem'd to hear
Voice of friends, by death removed;—
Well he knew that solemn air,
'Twas the lay that Alice loved.—

Hark! for now a solemn knell
Four times on the still night broke;
Four times, at its deaden'd swell,
Echoes from the ruins spoke.

As the lengthen'd clangors die,
Slowly opes the iron door;
Straight a banquet met his eye,
But a funeral's form it wore!

Coffins for the seats extend;
All with black the board was spread;
Girt by parent, brother, friend,
Long since numbered with the dead!

Alice, in her grave-clothes bound,
Ghastly smiling, points a seat;
All arose, with thundering sound;
All the expected stranger greet.

High their meagre arms they wave,
Wild their notes of welcome swell;—
« Welcome, traitor, to the grave!
Perjured, bid the light farewell!»

THE

WILD HUNTSMEN.

THIS is a translation, or rather an imitation, of the *Wilde Jager* of the German poet Bürger. The tradition upon which it is founded bears, that formerly a Wildgrave, or keeper of a royal forest, named Falkenburg, was so much addicted to the pleasures of the chase, and otherwise so extremely profligate and cruel, that he not only followed this unhallowed amusement on the Sabbath, and other days consecrated to religious duty, but accompanied it with the most unheard-of oppression upon the poor peasants who were under his vassalage. When this second Nimrod died, the people adopted a superstition, founded probably on the many various uncouth sounds heard in the depth of a German forest, during the silence of the night. They conceived they still heard the cry of the Wildgrave's hounds; and the well-known cheer of the deceased hunter, the sounds of his horse's feet, and the rustling of the branches before the game, the pack, and the sportsmen, are also distinctly discriminated; but the phantomsare rarely, if ever, visible. Once, as a benighted

Chasseur heard this infernal chase pass by him, at the sound of the halloo, with which the spectre Huntsman cheered his hounds, he could not refrain from crying, « *Gluck zu, Falkenburg!*» (Good sport to ye, Falkenburg!) « Dost thou wish me good sport?» answered a hoarse voice; « thou shalt share the game;» and there was thrown at him what seemed to be a huge piece of foul carrion. The daring *Chasseur* lost two of his best horses soon after, and never perfectly recovered the personal effects of this ghostly greeting. This tale, though told with some variations, is universally believed all over Germany.

The French had a similar tradition concerning an aërial hunter, who infested the forest of Fontainebleau. He was sometimes visible; when he appeared as a huntsman, surrounded with dogs, a tall grisly figure. Some account of him may be found in « Sully's Memoirs,» who says he was called, *Le Grand Veneur*. At one time he chose to hunt so near the palace, that the attendants, and, if I mistake not, Sully himself, came out into the court, supposing it was the sound of the king returning from the chase. This phantom is elsewhere called Saint Hubert.

The superstition seems to have been very general, as appears from the following fine poetical description of this phantom chace, as it was heard in the wilds of Ross-shire.

« Ere since, of old, the haughty thanes of Ross,—
So to the simple swain tradition tells,—
Were wont with clans, and ready vassals thronged,
To wake the bounding stag, or guilty wolf,

There oft is heard, at midnight, or at noon,
Beginning faint, but rising still more loud,
And nearer, voice of hunters, and of hounds,
And horns, hoarse-winded, blowing far and keen:—
Forthwith the hubbub multiplies; the gale
Labours with wilder shrieks and rifer din
Of hot pursuit; the broken cry of deer
Mangled by throttling dogs; the shouts of men,
And hoofs, thick beating on the hollow hill.
Sudden the grazing heifer in the vale
Starts at the noise, and both the herdsman's ears
Tingle with inward dread. Aghast, he eyes
The mountain's height, and all the ridges round,
Yet not one trace of living wight discerns;
Nor knows, o'erawed, and trembling as he stands,
To what, or whom, he owes his idle fear,
To ghost, to witch, to fairy, or to fiend;
But wonders, and no end of wondering finds."

Scottish Descriptive Poems, pp. 167, 168.

A posthumous miracle of Father Lesly, a Scottish capuchin, related to his being buried on a hill haunted by these unearthly cries of hounds and huntsmen. After his sainted reliques had been deposited there, the noise was never heard more. The reader will find this, and other miracles, recorded in the life of Father Bonaventura, which is written in the choicest Italian.

THE

WILD HUNTSMEN.

The Wildgrave winds his bugle horn,
To horse, to horse! halloo, halloo!
His fiery courser snuffs the morn,
And thronging serfs their lord pursue.

The eager pack, from couples freed,
Dash through the bush, the brier, the brake;
While answering hound, and horn, and steed,
The mountain echoes startling wake.

The beams of God's own hallowed day
Had painted yonder spire with gold,
And, calling sinful man to pray,
Loud, long, and deep the bell had toll'd:

But still the Wildgrave onward rides;
Halloo, halloo! and, hark again!
When, spurring from opposing sides,
Two Stranger Horsemen join the train.

Who was each Stranger, left and right,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;

The right-hand steed was silver white,
The left, the swarthy hue of hell.

The right-hand horseman, young and fair,
His smile was like the morn of May;
The left, from eye of tawny glare,
Shot midnight lightning's lurid ray.

He waved his huntsman's cap on high,
Cried, « Welcome, welcome, noble lord!
What sport can earth, or sea, or sky,
To match the princely chase, afford?»

« Cease thy loud bugle's clanging knell,»
Cried the Fair Youth, with silver voice;
« And for devotion's choral swell,
Exchange the rude unhallow'd noise.

« To-day, the ill-omen'd chase forbear,
Yon bell yet summons to the fane;
To-day the Warning Spirit hear,
To-morrow thou may'st mourn in vain.»

« Away, and sweep the glades along!»
The Sable Hunter hoarse replies;
« To muttering monks leave matin-song,
And bells, and books, and mysteries.»

The Wildgrave spurred his ardent steed,
And, launching forward with a bound,
« Who, for thy drowsy priestlike rede,
Would leave the jovial horn and hound?

« Hence, if our manly sport offend!
With pious fools go chaunt and pray:—
Well hast thou spoke, my dark-brow'd friend;
Halloo, halloo! and, hark away!»

The Wildgrave spurr'd his courser light,
O'er moss and moor, o'er holt and hill;
And on the left, and on the right,
Each Stranger Horseman followed still.

Up springs, from yonder tangled thorn,
A stag more white than mountain snow;
And louder rung the Wildgrave's horn,
« Hark forward, forward! holla, ho!»

A heedless wretch has cross'd the way;
He gasps, the thundering hoofs below;—
But, live who can, or die who may,
Still, « Forward, forward!» on they go.

See, where yon simple fences meet,
A field with autumn's blessings crown'd;
See, prostrate at the Wildgrave's feet,
A husbandman, with toil embrown'd:

« O mercy, mercy, noble lord!
Spare the poor's pittance,» was his cry,
« Earn'd by the sweat these brows have pour'd,
In scorching hour of fierce July.»—

Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey,

The impetuous Earl no warning heeds,
But furious holds the onward way.

« Away, thou hound! so basely born,
Or dread the scourge's echoing blow!»—
Then loudly rung his bugle horn,
« Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!»

So said, so done:—A single bound
Clears the poor labourer's humble pale;
Wild follows man, and horse, and hound,
Like dark December's stormy gale.

And man, and horse, and hound, and horn,
Destructive sweep the field along;
While, joying o'er the wasted corn,
Fell Famine marks the madd'ning throng.

Again up-roused, the timorous prey
Scours moss, and moor, and holt, and hill;
Hard run, he feels his strength decay,
And trusts for life his simple skill.

Too dangerous solitude appear'd;
He seeks the shelter of the crowd;
Amid the flock's domestic herd
His harmless head he hopes to shroud.

O'er moss and moor, and holt and hill,
His track the steady blood-hounds trace;
O'er moss and moor, unwearied still,
The furious Earl pursues the chase.

Full lowly did the herdsman fall;—
« O spare, thou noble Baron, spare
These herds, a widow's little all;
These flocks, an orphan's fleecy care.»—

Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey;
The Earl nor prayer nor pity heeds,
But furious keeps the onward way.

—« Unmanner'd dog! To stop my sport
Vain were thy cant and beggar whine,
Though human spirits, of thy sort,
Were tenants of these carrion kine!»—

Again he winds his bugle horn,
« Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!»
And through the herd, in ruthless scorn,
He cheers his furious hounds to go.

In heaps the throttled victims fall;
Down sinks their mangled herdsman near;
The murderous cries the stag appal,—
Again he starts, new-nerved by fear.

With blood besmeared, and white with foam,
While big the tears of anguish pour,
He seeks, amid the forest's gloom,
The humble hermit's hallowed bower.

But man and horse, and horn and hound,
Fast rattling on his traces go;

The sacred chapel rung around
With, « Hark away! and, holla ho!»

All mild, amid the rout profane,
The holy hermit pour'd his prayer;—
« Forbear with blood God's house to stain;
Revere his altar, and forbear!

« The meanest brute has rights to plead,
Which, wronged by cruelty, or pride,
Draw vengeance on the ruthless head:—
Be warned at length, and turn aside.»

Still the Fair Horseman anxious pleads;
The Black, wild whooping, points the prey:—
Alas! the Earl no warning heeds,
But frantic keeps the forward way.

« Holy or not, or right or wrong,
Thy altar, and its rites, I spurn;
Not sainted martyrs' sacred song,
Not God himself, shall make me turn!»—

He spurs his horse, he winds his horn,
« Hark forward, forward, holla ho!»—
But off, on whirlwind's pinions borne,
The stag, the hut, the hermit, go.

And horse, and man, and horn, and hound,
And clamour of the chase, was gone;
For hoofs, and howls, and bugle sound,
A deadly silence reigned alone.

Wild gazed the affrighted Earl around;
He strove in vain to wake his horn;
In vain to call; for not a sound
Could from his anxious lips be borne.

He listens for his trusty hounds;
No distant baying reached his ears;
His courser, rooted to the ground,
The quickening spur unmindful bears.

Still dark and darker frown the shades,
Dark, as the darkness of the grave;
And not a sound the still invades,
Save what a distant torrent gave.

High o'er the sinner's humbled head
At length the solemn silence broke;
And, from a cloud of swarthy red,
The awful voice of thunder spoke.

« Oppressor of creation fair!
Apostate Spirits' hardened tool!
Scorner of God! Scourge of the poor!
The measure of thy cup is full.

« Be chased for ever through the wood;
For ever roam the affrighted wild;
And let thy fate instruct the proud,
God's meanest creature is his child.»—

'Twas hushed: One flash, of sombre glare,
With yellow tinged the forests brown;

Up rose the Wildgrave's bristling hair,
And horror chilled each nerve and bone.

Cold pour'd the sweat in freezing rill;
A rising wind began to sing;
And louder, louder, louder still,
Brought storm and tempest on its wing.

Earth heard the call!—Her entrails rend;
From yawning rifts, with many a yell,
Mix'd with sulphureous flames, ascend
The misbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghastly Huntsman next arose,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;
His eye like midnight lightning glows,
His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

The Wildgrave flies o'er bush and thorn,
With many a shriek of helpless woe;
Behind him hound, and horse, and horn,
And, « Hark away, and holla ho!»

With wild despair's reverted eye,
Close, close behind, he marks the throng,
With bloody fangs, and eager cry,—
In frantic fear he scours along.—

Still, still shall last the dreadful chase,
Till time itself shall have an end:
By day, they scour earth's cavern'd space,
At midnight's witching hour, ascend.

This is the horn, and hound, and horse,
That oft the lated peasant hears;
Appall'd, he signs the frequent cross,
When the wild din invades his ears.

The wakeful priest oft drops a tear
For human pride, for human woe,
When, at his midnight mass, he hears
The infernal cry of, « Holla ho!»

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

IN THREE PARTS.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART FIRST.

Few personages are so renowned in tradition as Thomas of Erceldoune, known by the appellation of *The Rhymer*. Uniting, or supposed to unite, in his person, the powers of poetical composition, and of vaticination, his memory, even after the lapse of five hundred years, is regarded with veneration by his countrymen. To give any thing like a certain history of this remarkable man, would be indeed difficult; but the curious may derive some satisfaction from the particulars here brought together.

It is agreed, on all hands, that the residence and probably the birth-place of this ancient bard, was Erceldoune, a village situated upon the Leader, two miles above its junction with the Tweed. The ruins of an ancient tower are still pointed out as the Rhymer's castle. The uniform tradition bears, that his sirname was Lermont, or Learmont; and that the appellation of *The Rhymer* was conferred on him in consequence of his poetical compositions. There remains, nevertheless, some doubt upon this subject.

In a charter which is subjoined at length,(1) the son of our poet designs himself, «Thomas of Ercildoun, «son and heir of Thomas Rymour of Ercildoun,» which seems to imply, that the father did not bear the hereditary name of Learmont; or, at least, was better known and distinguished by the epithet, which he had acquired by his personal accomplishments. I must, however, remark, that, down to a very late period, the practice of distinguishing the parties, even in formal writings, by the epithets which had been bestowed on them from personal circumstances, instead of the proper sirnames of their families, was common, and indeed necessary, among the Border clans. So early as the end of the thirteenth century, when sirnames were hardly introduced in Scotland, this custom must have been uni-

(1) *From the Chartulary of the Trinity House of Soltra, Advocates' Library*, W. 4. 14.

ERSYLTON.

Omnibus has literas visuris vel audituris Thomas de Ercildoun filius et heres Thomæ Rymour de Ercildoun salutem in Domino. Noveritis me per fustem et baculem in pleno judicio resignasse ac per presentes quietem clamasse pro me et heredibus meis Magistro domus Sanctæ Trinitatis de Soltre et fratribus ejusdem domus totum terram meam cum omnibus pertinentibus suis quam in tenemento de Ercildoun hereditarie tenui renunciando de toto pro me et heredibus meis omni jure et clameo quæ ego seu antecessores mei in eadem terra alioque tempore de perpetuo habuimus sive de futuro habere possumus. In cujus rei testimonio presentibus his sigillum meum apposui data apud Ercildoun die Martis proximo post festum Sanctorum Apostolorum Symonis et Jude Anno Domini Millessimo cc. Nonagesimo Nono.

versal. There is, therefore, nothing inconsistent in supposing our poet's name to have been actually Learmont, although, in this charter, he is distinguished by the popular appellation of *The Rhymer*.

We are better able to ascertain the period at which Thomas of Ercildoun lived; being the latter end of the thirteenth century. I am inclined to place his death a little farther back than Mr Pinkerton, who supposes that he was alive in 1300 (*List of Scottish Poets*); which is hardly, I think, consistent with the charter already quoted, by which his son, in 1299, for himself and his heirs, conveys to the convent of the Trinity of Soltre, the tenement which he possessed by inheritance (*hereditarie*) in Ercildoun, with all claim which he, or his predecessors, could pretend thereto. From this we may infer, that the Rhymer was now dead; since we find his son disposing of the family property. Still, however, the argument of the learned historian will remain unimpeached, as to the time of the poet's birth. For if, as we learn from Barbour,(1) his prophecies were held in reputation as early as 1306, when Bruce slew the Red Cummin, the sanctity, and (let me add to Mr Pinkerton's words) the uncertainty of antiquity, must have already involved his character and writings. In a charter of Peter de Haga de Bemersyde, which unfortunately wants a date, the Rhymer, a

(1) The lines alluded to are these:

I hope that Tomas's prophesie,
Of Erceldoun shall truly be.
In him, etc.

near neighbour, and, if we may trust tradition, a friend of the family, appears as a witness.—*Cartulary of Melrose.*

It cannot be doubted, that Thomas of Ercildoun was a remarkable and important person in his own time, since, very shortly after his death, we find him celebrated as a prophet, and as a poet. Whether he himself made any pretensions to the first of those characters, or whether it was gratuitously conferred upon him by the credulity of posterity, it seems difficult to decide. If we may believe Mackenzie, Learmont only versified the prophecies delivered by Eliza, an inspired nun, of a convent at Haddington. But of this there seems not to be the most distant proof. On the contrary, all ancient authors, who quote the Rhymer's prophecies, uniformly suppose them to have been emitted by himself. Thus, in Winton's *Chronicle*,

> Of this fycht quilum spak Thomas
> Of Ersyldoune, that sayd in Derne,
> Thare suld meit stalwartly, starke, and sterne.
> He sayd it in his prophecy;
> But how he wist it was *ferly*.
>
> *Book* VIII. *chap.* 32.

There could have been no *ferly* (marvel), in Winton's eyes at least, how Thomas came by his knowledge of future events, had he ever heard of the inspired nun of Haddington; which, it cannot be doubted, would have been a solution of the

mystery, much to the taste of the prior of Loch-levin. (1)

Whatever doubts, however, the learned might have, as to the source of the Rhymer's prophetic skill, the vulgar had no hesitation to ascribe the whole to the intercourse between the bard and the queen of Faëry. The popular tale bears, that Thomas was carried off, at an early age, to the Fairy Land, where he acquired all the knowledge which made him afterwards so famous. After seven years residence he was permitted to return to the earth, to enlighten and astonish his countrymen by his prophetic powers; still, however, remaining bound to return to his royal mistress, when she should intimate her pleasure. (2) Accordingly, while Thomas

(1) Henry, the minstrel, who introduces Thomas into the history of Wallace, expresses the same doubt as to the source of his prophetic knowledge.

> Thomas Rhymer into the faile was than
> With the minister, which was a worthy man.
> He used oft to that religious place;
> The people deemed of wit he meikle can,
> And so he told, though that they bless or ban,
> Which happened sooth in many divers case;
> I cannot say by wrong or righteousness.
> In rule or war whether they tint or wan:
> It may be deemed by division of grace, etc.
>
> *History of Wallace, Book II.*

(2) See a Dissertation on Fairies, prefixed to the ballad of TAMLANE, *Minstrelsy of the Border*, vol. ii. p. 237.

was making merry with his friends in the tower of Ercildoun, a person came running in, and told, with marks of fear and astonishment, that a hart and hind had left the neighbouring forest, and were composedly and slowly parading the street of the village.(1) The prophet instantly arose, left his habitation, and followed the wonderful animals to the forest, whence he was never seen to return. According to the popular belief, he still «drees his weird» in Fairy Land, and is expected one day to revisit earth. In the meanwhile, his memory is held in the most profound respect. The Eildon Tree, from beneath the shade of which he delivered his prophecies, now no longer exists; but the spot is marked by a large stone, called Eildon Tree Stone. A neighbouring rivulet takes the name of the Bogle Burn, (Goblin Brook) from the Rhymer's supernatural visitants. The veneration, paid to his dwelling-place, even attached itself in some degree to a person, who, within the memory of man, chose to set up his residence in the ruins of Learmont's tower. The name of this man was Murray, a kind of herbalist; who, by dint of some knowledge in simples, the possession of a musical clock, an electrical machine, and a stuffed alligator, added to a supposed communication with Thomas the Rhymer, lived for many years in very good credit as a wizard.

It seemed to the author unpardonable to dismiss

(1) There is a singular resemblance betwixt this tradition, and an incident occurring in the life of Merlin Caledonius, which the reader will find a few pages onward.

a person, so important in Border tradition as the Rhymer, without some farther notice than a simple commentary upon the following ballad. It is given from a copy, obtained from a lady, residing not far from Ercildoun, corrected and enlarged by one in Mrs Brown's MSS. The former copy, however, as might be expected, is far more minute as to local description.(1) To this old tale the author has ventured to add a Second Part, consisting of a kind of Cento, from the printed prophecies vulgarly ascribed to the Rhymer; and a Third Part, entirely modern, founded upon the tradition of his having returned with the hart and hind to the Land of Faërie. To make his peace with the more severe antiquaries, the author has prefixed to the Second Part some remarks on Learmont's prophecies.

(1) The author has been since informed, by a most eminent antiquary, that there is in existence a MS. copy of this ballad, of very considerable antiquity, of which he hopes to avail himself on some future occasion.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART FIRST—ANCIENT.

True Thomas lay on Huntlie bank;
A ferlie he spied wi' his e'e;
And there he saw a ladye bright,
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;
At ilka tett of her horse's mane,
Hang fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas he pulled aff his cap,
And louted low down to his knee,—
"All hail, thou mighty queen of heaven!
For thy peer on earth I never did see."

"O no, O no, Thomas," she said;
"That name does not belang to me;
I am but the queen of fair Elfland,
That am hither come to visit thee.

« Harp and carp, Thomas,» she said;
« Harp and carp along with me;
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your body I will be.»

« Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird(1) shall never danton me.»
Syne he has kiss'd her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

« Now, ye maun go wi' me,» she said;
« True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Through weal or woe as may chance to be.»

She mounted on her milk-white steed;
She's ta'en true Thomas up behind;
And aye, whene'er her bridle rung,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

O they rade on, and farther on;
The steed gaed swifter than the wind;
Until they reach'd a desert wide,
And living land was left behind.

« Light down, light down, now, true Thomas,
And lean your head upon my knee:
Abide, and rest a little space,
And I will shew you ferlies three.

(1) *That weird, etc.*—That destiny shall never frighten me.

« O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset with thorns and briers?—
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it but few enquires.

« And see not ye that braid, braid road,
That lies across that lily leven?—
That is the path of wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.

« And see not ye that bonny road,
That winds about the fernie brae?—
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

« But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see;
For, if you speak word in Elflyn land,
Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie.»

O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers aboon the knee,
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk, mirk night, and there was nae stern light,
And they waded through red blude to the knee,
For a' the blude that's shed on earth,
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came on to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree—

« Take this for thy wages, true Thomas;
It will give thee the tongue that can never lie.»

« My tongue is mine ain,» true Thomas said;
« A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!
I neither dought to buy nor sell,
At fair or tryst, where I may be.

« I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye.»
« Now hold thy peace!» the ladye said,
« For, as I say, so must it be.»

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green;
And, till seven years were gane and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

NOTE AND APPENDIX

TO

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART FIRST.

She pu'd an apple frae a tree, etc.—P. 111. v. 7.

The traditional commentary upon this ballad informs us, that the apple was the produce of the fatal Tree of Knowledge, and that the garden was the terrestrial paradise. The repugnance of Thomas to be debarred the use of falsehood, when he might find it convenient, has a comic effect.

The reader is here presented, from an old, and unfortunately an imperfect MS., with the undoubted original of Thomas the Rhymer's intrigue with the Queen of Faery. It will afford great amusement to those, who would study the nature of traditional poetry, and the changes effected by oral tradition, to compare this ancient romance with the foregoing ballad. The same incidents are narrated, even the expression is often the same, yet the poems are as different in appearance, as if the older tale had been regularly and systematically modernized by a poet of the present day.

Incipit Prophesia Thome de Erseldoun.

In a lande as I was lent,
In the gryking of the day,
Ay alone as I went,
In Huntle bankys me for to play:

I saw the throstyl, and the jay,
Ye mawes movyde of her song,
Ye wodwale sange notes gay,
That al the wod about range.
In that longyng as I lay,
Undir nethe a dern tre,
I was war of a lady gay,
Come rydyng ouyr a fair le;
Zogh I suld sitt to domysday,
With my tong to wrabbe and wry,
Certanly all hyr aray,
It beth neuyr discryuyd for me.
Hyr palfra was dappyll gray,
Sycke on say neuer none,
As the son in somers day,
All abowte that lady shone;
Hyr sadel was of a rewel bone,
A semly sight it was to se,
Bryht with mony a precyous stone,
And compasyd all with crapste;
Stones of oryens gret plente,
Her hair about her hede it hang,
She rode ouer the farnyle.
A while she blew a while she sang,
Her girths of nobil silke they were,
Her boculs were of beryl stone,
Sadyll and brydill war - - :
With sylk and sendel about bedone,
Hyr patyrel was of a pall fyne,
And hyr croper of the arase,
Hyr brydil was of gold fyne,
On euery syde forsothe hong bells thre,
Hyr brydil reynes - - -
A semly syzt - - - -
Crop and patyrel - - -
In every joynt - - - -
She led thre grew hounds in a leash.

And ratches cowpled by her ran ;
She bar an horn about her halse,
And undir her gyrdil meny flene.
Thomas lay and sa - - -
In the bankes of - - -
He sayd yonder is Mary of Might,
That bar the child that died for me,
Certes bot I may speke with that lady bright,
Myd my hert will breke in three ;
I schal me hye with all my might,
Hyr to mete at Eldyn Tree.
Thomas rathly up he rase,
And ran ouer mountayn hye,
If it be sothe the story says,
He met her euyn at Eldyn tre.
Thomas knelyd down on his kne
Undir nethe the grenewood spray,
And sayd, lovely lady thou rue on me,
Queen of Heaven as you well may be ;
But I am a lady of another countrie,
If I be pareld most of prise,
I ride after the wild fee,
My ratches rinnen at my devys.
If thou be pareld most of prise,
And rides a lady in strang foly,
Lovely lady, as thou art wise,
Giue you me leue to lige ye by.
Do way, Thomas, that were foly,
I pray ye, Thomas, late me be,
That sin will fordo all my bewtie :
Lovely ladye, rewe on me,
And euer more I shall with ye dwell,
Here my trowth I plyght to thee,
Where you beleues in heuyn or hell.
Thomas, and you myght lyge me by,
Undir nethe this grene wode spray,
Thou would tell full hastely,
That thou had layn by a lady gay.

Lady, I mote lyg by the,
Undir nethe the grene wode tre,
For all the gold in chrystenty,
Suld you neuer be wryede for me.
Man on molde you will me marre,
And yet bot you may haf you will,
Trow you well, Thomas, you cheuyest ye warre;
For all my bewtie wilt you spill.
Down lyghtyd that lady bryzt,
Undir nethe the grene wode spray,
And as ye story sayth full ryzt,
Seuyn tymes by her he lay.
She seyd, man you lyste thi play,
What berde in bouyr may dele with thee,
That maries me all this long day;
I pray ye, Thomas, lat me be.
Thomas stode up in the stede,
And behelde the lady gay,
Her heyre hang downe about hyr hede,
The toue was blak, the other gray,
Her eyn semyt onte before was gray,
Her gay clethyng was all away,
That he before had sene in that stede;
Hyr body as blo as ony bede.
Thomas sighede, and sayd allas,
Me thynke this a dullfull syght.
That thou art fadyd in the face,
Before you shone as son so bryzt.
Take thy leue, Thomas, at son and mone,
At gresse, and at euery tre,
This twelvmonth sall you with me gone,
Medyl erth you sall not se.
Alas, he seyd, ful wo is me,
I trow my dedes will werke me care,
Jesu, my sole tak to ye,
Whedir so euyr my body sall fare.

She rode furth with all her myzt,
Undir nethe the derne lee,
It was derke as at midnyzt,
And euyr in water unto the kne;
Through the space of days thre,
He herde but swowyng of a flode;
Thomas sayd, full wo is me,
Nowe I spyll for fawte of fode;
To a garden she lede him tyte,
There was fruyte in grete plente,
Peyres and appless ther were rype,
The date and the damese,
The figge and als fylbert tre;
The nyghtyngale bredying in her neste,
The papigaye about gan fle,
The throstylcok sang wold hafe no rest.
He pressed to pulle fruyt with his hand
As man for faute that was faynt;
She seyd, Thomas, lat al stand,
Or els the deuyl wil the ataynt.
Sche said, Thomas, I the hyzt,
To lay thi hede upon my kne,
And thou shalt see fayrer sight,
Than euyr sawe man in their kintre.
Sees thou, Thomas, yon fair way,
That lyggs ouyr yone fayr playn?
Yonder is the way to heuyn for ay,
Whan synful sawles haf derayed their payne.
Sees thou, Thomas, yone secund way,
That lygges lawe undir the ryse?
Streight is the way sothly to say,
To the joyes of paradyce.
Sees thou, Thomas, yone thyrd way,
That ligges ouyr yone how?
Wide is the way sothly to say,
To the brynyng fyres of hell.
Sees thou, Thomas, yone fayr castells,

That standes ouyr yone fayr hill?
Of town and tower it beereth the belle,
In middell earth is non like theretill.
Whan thou comyst in yon castell gaye
I pray thu curteis man to be;
What so any man to you say,
Soke thu answer non but me.
My lord is servyd at yche messe,
With xxx kniztes feir and fre;
I sall say syttyng on the dese,
I toke thy speche beyonde the le.
Thomas stode as still as stone,
And beheld that ladye gaye;
Than was sche fayr and ryche anone,
And also ryal on hir palfreye.
The grewhoundes had fylde them on the dere,
The ratches coupled, by my fay,
She blewe her horn Thomas to chere,
To the castle she went her way.
The lady into the hall went,
Thomas folowyd at her hand;
Thar kept hyr mony a lady gent,
With curtasy and lawe.
Harp and fedyl both he fande,
The getern and the sawtry,
Lut and rybib ther gon gang,
Thair was al maner of mynstralsy.
The most fertly that Thomas thoght,
When he com emyddes the flore,
Fourty hertes to quarry were broght,
That had ben befor both long and store.
Lymors lay lappyng blode,
And kokes standing with dressyng knife,
And dressyd dere as thai wer wode,
And rewell was thair wonder
Knyghtes dansyd by two and thre,
All that leue long day.

Ladyes that were gret of gre,
Sat and sang of rych aray.
Thomas sawe much more in that place,
Than I can descryve,
Til on a day alas, alas,
My lovelye ladye sayd to me,
Busk ye, Thomas, you must agayn,
Here you may no longer be:
Hy then zerne that you were at hame,
I sal ye bryng to Eldyn Tre.
Thomas answerd with heuy cher,
And sayd, lowely ladye, lat ma be,
For I say ye certainly here
Haf I be bot the space of dayes three.
Sothly, Thomas, as I telle ye,
You hath been here thre yeres,
And here you may no longer be;
And I sal tele ye a skele,
To-morowe of helle ye foule fende
Amang our folke shall chuse his fee;
For you art a larg man and an hende,
Trowe you wele he will chuse thee.
Fore all the golde that may be,
Sal you not be betrayed for me,
And thairfor sal you hens wend.
She broght him euyn to Eldon tre,
Under nethe the grene wode spray,
In Huntle bankes was fayr to be,
Ther breddes syng both nyzt and day.
Ferre ouyr yon montayns gray,
There hathe my facon:
Fare wele, Thomas, I wende my way.

* * * * * *

[The elfin queen, after restoring Thomas to earth, pours forth a string of prophecies, in which we distinguish references to the events and personages of the Scottish wars of Edward III. The

battles of Duplin and Halidon are mentioned, and also Black Agnes, Countess of Dunbar. There is a copy of this poem in the Museum in the Cathedral of Lincoln, another in the collection of Peterborough, but unfortunately they are all in an imperfect state. Mr Jamieson, in his curious collection of Scottish ballads and Songs, has an entire copy of this ancient poem, with all the collations. The *lacunæ* of the former edition have been supplied from his copy.]

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART SECOND.

ALTERED FROM ANCIENT PROPHECIES.

The prophecies, ascribed to Thomas of Ercildoun, have been the principal means of securing to him remembrance « amongst the sons of his people.» The author of *Sir Tristrem* would long ago have joined, in the vale of oblivion, « Clerk of Tranent, who wrote the adventures of *Schir Gawain,*» if, by good hap, the same current of ideas respecting antiquity, which causes Virgil to be regarded as a magician by the Lazaroni of Naples, had not exalted the bard of Ercildoun to the prophetic character. Perhaps, indeed, he himself affected it during his life. We know at least, for certain, that a belief in his supernatural knowledge was current soon after his death. His prophecies are alluded to by Barbour, by Wintoun, and by Henry the Minstrel, or *Blind Harry*, as he is usually termed. None of these authors, however, give the words of any of the Rhymer's vaticinations, but merely narrate historically, his having predicted the events of which they speak.

The earliest of the prophecies ascribed to him, which is now extant, is quoted by Mr Pinkerton from a MS. It is supposed to be a response from Thomas of Ercildoun, to a question from the heroic Countess of March, renowned for the defence of the castle of Dunbar against the English, and termed, in the familiar dialect of her time, *Black Agnes of Dunbar.* This prophecy is remarkable, in so far as it bears very little resemblance to any verses published in the printed copy of the Rhymer's supposed prophecies. The verses are as follows:

« *La Countesse de Donbar demande a Thomas de Essedoune quant la guerre d'Escoce prendreit fyn. E yl la repoundy et dyt.*

« When man is mad a kyng of a capped man;
When man is levere other mones thyng than is owen;
When londe thouys forest, ant forest is felde;
When hares kendles o' the her'ston;
When Wyt and Wille werres togedere:
When mon makes stabels of kyrkes; and steles castels with styes;
When Rokesborough nys no burgh ant market is at Forwyleye:
When Bambourne is donged with dede men;
When men ledes men in ropes to buyen and to sellen;
When a quarter of whaty whete is chaunged for a colt of ten markes;
When prude (pride) prikes and pees is leyd in prisoun;
When a Scot ne me hym hude ase hare in forme that the English ne shall hym fynde;
When rycht ant wronge astene the togedere:
When laddes weddeth lovedies;
When Scottes flen so faste, that for faute of shep, hy drowneth hemselve;
When shal this be?
Nouther in thine tyme ne in mine;

Ah comen ant gone
Withinne twenty winter ant one.»

Pinkerton's Poems, from Maitland's MSS. quoting from Harl. Lib. 2253. *F.* 127.

As I have never seen the MS. from which Mr Pinkerton makes this extract, and as the date of it is fixed by him (certainly one of the most able antiquaries of our age), to the reign of Edward I. or II., it is with great diffidence that I hazard a contrary opinion. There can, however, I believe, be little doubt, that these prophetic verses are a forgery, and not the production of our Thomas the Rhymer. But I am inclined to believe them of a later date than the reign of Edward I. or II.

The gallant defence of the castle of Dunbar, by Black Agnes, took place in the year 1337. The Rhymer died previous to the year 1299 (see the charter, by his son, in the introduction to the foregoing ballad). It seems, therefore, very improbable, that the Countess of Dunbar could ever have an opportunity of consulting Thomas the Rhymer, since that would infer that she was married, or at least engaged in state matters, previous to 1299; whereas, she is described as a young, or a middle-aged woman, at the period of her being besieged in the fortress, which she so well defended. If the editor might indulge a conjecture, he would suppose, that the prophecy was contrived for the encouragement of the English invaders, during the Scottish wars; and that the names of the Countess of Dunbar, and of Thomas of Ercildoun, were used

for the greater credit of the forgery. According to this hypothesis, it seems likely to have been composed after the siege of Dunbar, which had made the name of the countess well known, and consequently in the reign of Edward III. The whole tendency of the prophecy is to aver, « that there « shall be no end of the Scottish war (concerning « which the question was proposed), till a final con- « quest of the country by England, attended by all « the usual severities of war. When the cultivated « country shall become forest—says the prophecy; « —when the wild animals shall inhabit the abode « of men;—When Scots shall not be able to escape « the English, should they crouch as hares in their « form» —all these denunciations seem to refer to the time of Edward III. upon whose victories the prediction was probably founded. The mention of the exchange betwixt a colt worth ten markes, and a quarter of « whaty (indifferent) wheat,» seems to allude to the dreadful famine about the year 1388. The independence of Scotland was, however, as impregnable to the mines of superstition, as to the steel of our more powerful and more wealthy neighbours. The war of Scotland is, thank God, at an end; but it is ended without her people having either crouched like hares in their form, or being drowned in their flight « for faute of ships,»—thank God for that too. The prophecy, quoted in p. 104, is probably of the same date, and intended for the same purpose. A minute search of the records of the time would, probably, throw additional light upon the allusions contained in these ancient legends. Among

various rhymes of prophetic import, which are at this day current amongst the people of Teviotdale, is one, supposed to be pronounced by Thomas the Rhymer, presaging the destruction of his habitation and family:

> The hare sall kittle (litter) on my hearth-stane,
> And there will never be a laird Learmont again.

The first of these lines is obviously borrowed from that in the MS. of the Harl. Library.—« When hares « kendles o' the her'stane» — an emphatic image of desolation. It is also inaccurately quoted in the prophecy of Waldhave, published by Andro Hart, 1613:

> « This is a true talking that Thomas of tells,
> The hare shall hirple on the hard (hearth) stane.»

Spottiswoode, an honest, but credulous historian, seems to have been a firm believer in the authenticity of the prophetic wares, vended in the name of Thomas of Ercildoun. « The prophecies, yet extant « in Scottish rhymes, whereupon he was commonly « called *Thomas the Rhymer*, may justly be admired; « having foretold, so many ages before, the union of « England and Scotland in the ninth degree of the « Bruce's blood, with the succession of Bruce himself « to the crown, being yet a child, and other divers « particulars, which the event hath ratified and made « good. Boethius, in his story, relateth his predic- « tion of King Alexander's death, and that he did

« foretel the same to the Earl of March, the day be-
« fore it fell out; saying, 'That before the next day
« at noon, such a tempest should blow, as Scotland
« had not felt for many years before.' The next
« morning, the day being clear, and no change ap-
« pearing in the air, the nobleman did challenge
« Thomas of his saying, calling him an impostor.
« He replied, that noon was not yet passed. About
« which time, a post came to advertise the earl, of
« the king his sudden death. 'Then,' said Thomas,
« 'this is the tempest I foretold; and so shall it
« prove to Scotland.' Whence, or how, he had this
« knowledge, can hardly be affirmed; but sure it is,
« that he did divine and answer truly of many things
« to come.»—*Spottiswoode*, p. 47. Besides that no-
table voucher, Master Hector Boece, the good arch-
bishop might, had he been so minded, have referred
to Fordun for the prophecy of King Alexander's
death. That historian calls our bard « *ruralis ille
vates.*»—*Fordun*, lib. x. cap. 40.

What Spottiswoode calls «the prophecies extant in Scottish rhyme,» are the metrical predictions ascribed to the prophet of Ercildoun, which, with many other compositions of the same nature, bearing the names of Bede, Merlin, Gildas, and other approved soothsayers, are contained in one small volume, published by Andro Hart, at Edinburgh, 1615. The late excellent Lord Hailes made these compositions the subject of a dissertation, published in his *Remarks on the History of Scotland*. His attention is chiefly directed to the celebrated prophecy of our bards, mentioned by Bishop Spottiswoode, bear-

ing, that the crowns of England and Scotland should be united in the person of a king, son of a French queen, and related to Bruce in the ninth degree. Lord Hailes plainly proves, that this prophecy is perverted from its original purpose, in order to apply it to the succession of James VI. The groundwork of the forgery is to be found in the prophecies of Berlington, contained in the same collection, and runs thus:

Of Bruce's left side shall spring out as a leafe,
As neere as the ninth degree;
And shall be fleemed of faire Scotland,
In France farre beyond the sea.
And then shall come againe ryding,
With eyes that many men may see.
At Aberladie he shall light,
With hempen helteres and horse of tree.

— — —

However it happen for to fall,
The lyon shal be lord of all;
The French quen shal bearre the sonne,
Shal rule all Brittaine to the sea;
Ane from the Bruce's blood shal come also,
As neere as the ninth degree.

— — —

Yet shal there come a keene knight over the salt sea,
A keene man of courage and bold man of armes;
A duke's son dowbled (*i. e.* dubbed,) a borne man in France,
That shal our mirths augment, and mend all our harmes;
After the date of our Lord 1513, and thrice three thereafter;
Which shall brooke all the broad isle to himself,
Betwen 13 and thrice three the threip shal be ended,
The Saxons sall never recover after.

There cannot be any doubt, that this prophecy was intended to excite the confidence of the Scottish nation in the Duke of Albany, regent of Scotland, who arrived from France in 1515, two years after the death of James IV. in the fatal field of Flodden. The regent was descended of Bruce by the left, *i. e.* by the female side, within the ninth degree. His mother was daughter to the Earl of Boulogne, his father banished from his country—« fleemit of fair Scotland.» His arrival must necessarily be by sea, and his landing was expected at Aberlady, in the Frith of Forth. He was a duke's son, dubbed knight; and nine years from 1513, are allowed him, by the pretended prophet, for the accomplishment of the salvation of his country, and the exaltation of Scotland over her sister and rival. All this was a pious fraud, to excite the confidence and spirit of the country.

The prophecy, put in the name of our Thomas the Rhymer, as it stands in Hart's book, refers to a later period. The narrator meets the Rhymer upon a land, beside a lee, who shews him many emblematical visions, described in no mean strain of poetry. They chiefly relate to the fields of Flodden and Pinkie, to the national distress which followed these defeats, and to future halcyon days, which are promised to Scotland. One quotation or two will be sufficient to establish this fully:

Our Scottish king sal come ful keene,
The red lyon beareth he;
A feddered arrow sharp, I weene,
Shal make him winke and warre to see.

Out of the field he shal be led
When he is bludie and woe for blood;
Yet to his men shall he say,
«For God's luve, turn you againe,
And give yon southerne folk a frey!
Why should I lose the right is mine?
My date is not to die this day.» —

Who can doubt for a moment, that this refers to the battle of Flodden, and to the popular reports concerning the doubtful fate of James IV.? Allusion is immedaitely afterwards made to the death of George Douglas, heir apparent of Angus, who fought and fell with his sovereign:

The sternes three that day shall die,
That bears the harte in silver sheen.

The well-known arms of the Douglas family are the heart and three stars. In another place, the battle of Pinkie is expressly mentioned by name:

At Pinken Cluch there shall be spilt
Much gentle blood that day;
There shall the bear lose the guilt,
And the eagill bear it away.

To the end of all this allegorical and mystical rhapsody, is interpolated, in the later edition by Andrew Hart, a new edition of Berlington's verses, before quoted, altered and manufactured so as to bear reference to the accession of James VI., which had just then taken place. The insertion is made,

with a peculiar degree of awkwardness, betwixt a question put by the narrator, concerning the name and abode of the person who shewed him these strange matters, and the answer of the prophet to that question:

« Then to the Bairne could I say,
Where dwells thou, or in what countrie?
[Or who shall rule the isle of Britaine,
From the north to the south sey?
A French queene shall beare the sonne,
Shall rule all Britane to the sea;
Which of the Bruce's blood shall come,
As neere as the nint degree:
I frained fast what was his name,
Where that he came, from what country,]
In Erslingtoun I dwell at hame,
Thomas Rymour men cals me. »

There is surely no one, who will not conclude, with Lord Hailes, that the eight lines, inclosed in brackets, are a clumsy interpolation, borrowed from Berlington, with such alterations as might render the supposed prophecy applicable to the union of the crowns.

While we are on this subject, it may be proper briefly to notice the scope of some of the other predictions in Hart's collection. As the prophecy of Berlington was intended to raise the spirits of the nation, during the regency of Albany, so those of Sybilla and Eltraine refer to that of the Earl of Arran, afterwards Duke of Chatelherault, during the minority of Mary, a period of similar calamity. This is obvious from the following verses:

Take a thousand in calculation,
And the longest of the lyon,
Four crescents under one crowne,
With Saint Andrew's croce thrise,
Then threescore and thrise three:
Take tent to Merling truely,
Then shall the warres ended be,
And never againe rise.
In that yere there shall a king,
A duke, and no crowned king;
Becaus the prince shall be yong,
And tender of yeares.

The date, above hinted at, seems to be 1549, when the Scottish regent, by means of some succours derived from France, was endeavouring to repair the consequences of the fatal battle of Pinkie. Allusion is made to the supply given to the «Moldwarte (England) by the fained hart» (the Earl of Angus.) The regent is described by his bearing the antelope; large supplies are promised from France, and complete conquest predicted to Scotland and her allies. Thus was the same hackneyed stratagem repeated, whenever the interest of the rulers appeared to stand in need of it. The regent was not, indeed, till after this period, created Duke of Chatelherault; but that honour was the object of his hopes and expectations.

The name of our renowned soothsayer is liberally used as an authority, throughout all the prophecies published by Andro Hart. Besides those expressly put in his name, Gildas, another assumed personage, is supposed to derive his knowledge from him; for he concludes thus:

« True Thomas me told in a troublesome time
In a harvest morn at Eldoun hills. »

The Prophecy of Gildas.

In the prophecy of Berlington, already quoted, we are told,

« Marvellous Merling, that many men of tells,
And Thomas's sayings comes all at once. »

While I am upon the subject of these prophecies, may I be permitted to call the attention of antiquaries to Merdwynn Wyllt, or *Merlin the Wild*, in whose name, and by no means in that of Ambrose Merlin, the friend of Arthur, the Scottish prophecies are issued. That this personage resided at Drummelziar, and roamed like a second Nebuchadnezzar, the woods of Tweeddale, in remorse for the death of his nephew, we learn from Fordun. In the *Scotichronicon*, lib. 3, cap. 31, is an account of an interview betwixt St Kentigern and Merlin, then in this distracted and miserable state. He is said to have been called *Lailoken*, from his mode of life. On being commanded by the saint to give an account of himself, he says, that the penance which he performs was imposed on him by a voice from heaven, during a bloody contest betwixt Lidel and Carwanolow, of which battle he had been the cause. According to his own prediction, he perished at once by wood, earth, and water; for, being pursued with stones by the rustics, he fell from a rock into the river Tweed, and was transfixed by a sharp stake,

fixed there for the purpose of extending a fishing-net:

« Sude perfossus, lapide percussus et unda
« Hæc tria Merlinum fertur iniri necem,
« Sicque ruit, mersusque fuit lignoque perpendi,
« Et fecit vatem per terna pericula verum.»

But, in a metrical history of Merlin of Caledonia, compiled by Geoffrey of Monmouth, from the traditions of the Welch bards, this mode of death is attributed to a page, whom Merlin's sister, desirous to convict the prophet of falsehood, because he had betrayed her intrigues, introduced to him, under three various disguises, enquiring each time in what manner the person should die. To the first demand Merlin answered, the party should perish by a fall from a rock; to the second, that he should die by a tree; and, to the third, that he should be drowned. The youth perished, while hunting, in the mode imputed by Fordun to Merlin himself.

Fordun, contrary to the Welch authorities, confounds this person with the Merlin of Arthur; but concludes by informing us, that many believed him to be a different person. The grave of Merlin is pointed out at Drummelziar, in Tweeddale, beneath an aged thorn-tree. On the east side of the churchyard, the brook, called Pausayl, falls into the Tweed; and the following prophecy is said to have been current concerning their union:

When Tweed and Pausayl join at Merlin's grave,
Scotland and England shall one monarch have.

On the day of the coronation of James VI., the Tweed accordingly overflowed, and joined the Pausayl at the prophet's grave.—PENNYCUICK's *History of Tweeddale*, p. 26. These circumstances would seem to infer a communication betwixt the south-west of Scotland and Wales, of a nature peculiarly intimate; for I presume that Merlin would retain sense enough to chuse, for the scene of his wanderings, a country having a language and manners similar to his own.

Be this as it may, the memory of Merlin Sylvester, or the Wild, was fresh among the Scots during the reign of James V. Waldhave,(1) under whose name a set of prophecies was published, describes himself as lying upon Lomond Law; he hears a voice, which bids him stand to his defence; he looks around, and beholds a flock of hares and foxes(2) pursued over

(1) I do not know whether the person here meant be Waldhave, an abbot of Melrose, who died in the odour of sanctity, about 1160.

(2) The strange occupation, in which Waldhave beholds Merlin engaged, derives some illustration from a curious passage in Geoffrey of Monmouth's life of Merlin, above quoted. The poem, after narrating, that the prophet had fled to the forests in a state of distraction, proceeds to mention, that, looking upon the stars one clear evening, he discerned, from his astrological knowledge, that his wife, Guendolen, had resolved, upon the next morning, to take another husband. As he had presaged to her that this would happen, and had promised her a nuptial gift (cautioning her, however, to keep the bridegroom out of his sight), he now resolved to make good his word. Accordingly, he collected all the stags and lesser game in his neighbourhood; and, having seated himself on a buck, drove the herd before him to the capital of Cumberland, where Guendolen resided.

the mountain by a savage figure, to whom he can hardly give the name of man. At the sight of Waldhave, the apparition leaves the objects of his pur-

But her lover's curiosity, leading him to inspect too nearly this extraordinary cavalcade, Merlin's rage was awakened, and he slew him, with a stroke of an antler of the stag. The original runs thus:

« Dixerat: et silvas et saltus circuit omnes,
« Cervorumque greges agmen collegit in unum,
« Et damas, capreasque simul, cervoque resedit;
« Et veniente die, compellens agmina præ se,
« Festinans vadit quo nubit Guendolæna.
« Postquam venit eo, pacienter coegit
« Cervos ante fores, proclamans, 'Guendolæna,
« 'Guendolæna, veni, te talia munera spectant.'
« Ocius ergo venit subridens Guendolæna,
« Gestarique virum cervo miratur, et illum
« Sic parere viro, tantum quoque posse ferarum
« Uniri numerum quas præ se solus agebat,
« Sicut pastor oves, quas ducere suevit ad herbas.
« Stabat ab excelsa, sponsus spectando fenestra
« In solio mirans equitem risumque movebat.
« Ast ubi vidit eum vates, animoque quis esset,
« Calluit, extemplo divulsit cornua cervo
« Quo gestabatur, vibrataque jecit in illum
« Et caput illius penitus contrivit, eumque
« Reddidit exanimem, vitamque fugavit in auras;
« Ocius inde suum, talorum verbere, cervum
« Diffugiens egit, silvasque redire paravit.»

For a perusal of this curious poem, accurately copied from a MS. in the Cotton library, nearly coeval with the author, I was indebted to my learned friend, the late Mr Ritson. There is an excellent paraphrase of it in the curious and entertaining *Specimens of Early English Romances*, published by Mr Ellis.

suit, and assaults him with a club. Waldhave defends himself with his sword, throws the savage to the earth, and refuses to let him arise, till he swears by the law and lead he lives upon, «to do him no harm.» This done, he permits him to arise, and marvels at his strange appearance:

« He was formed like a freike (man) all his four quarters;
And then his chin and his face haired so thick,
With haire growing so grime, fearful to see.»

He answers briefly to Waldhave's enquiry, concerning his name and nature, that he « drees his weird,» *i. e.* does penance, in that wood; and, having hinted that questions as to his own state are offensive, he pours forth an obscure rhapsody concerning futurity, and concludes,

« Go musing upon Merling if thou wilt;
For I mean no more man at this time.»

This is exactly similar to the meeting betwixt Merlin and Kentigern in Fordun. These prophecies of Merlin seem to have been in request in the minority of James V.; for, among the amusements with which Sir David Lindsay diverted that prince during his infancy, are

The prophecies of Rymer, Bede, and Merlin.
Sir David Lindsay's Epistle to the King.

And we find, in Waldhave, at least one allusion to

the very ancient prophecy, addressed to the Countess of Dunbar:

This is a true token that Thomas of tells,
When a ladde with a ladye shall go over the fields.

The original stands thus;

When laddes weddeth lovedies.

Another prophecy of Merlin seems to have been current about the time of the regent Morton's execution.—When that nobleman was committed to the charge of his accuser, Captain James Stewart, newly created Earl of Arran, to be conducted to his trial at Edinburgh, Spottiswoode says that he asked, «'Who «'was Earl of Arran?' and being answered that Cap- «tain James was the man, after a short pause he «said, 'And is it so? I know then what I may look «'for!' meaning, as was thought, that the old pro- «phecy of the 'Falling of the heart(1) by the mouth «'of Arran,' should then be fulfilled. Whether «this was his mind or not, it is not known; but «some spared not, at the time when the Hamil- «tons were banished, in which business he was held «too earnest, to say, that he stood in fear of this pre- «diction, and went that course only to disappoint «it. But, if so it was, he did find himself now de- «luded; for he fell by the mouth of another Arran «than he imagined.»—*Spottiswoode*, p. 313. The

(1) The heart was the cognizance of Morton.

fatal words alluded to, seem to be these in the prophecy of Merlin:

« In the mouth of Arrane a selcouth shall fall,
Two bloodie hearts shall be taken with a false traine,
And derfly dung down without any dome.»

To return from these desultory remarks, into which the editor has been led by the celebrated name of Merlin, the style of all these prophecies, published by Hart, is very much the same. The measure is alliterative, and somewhat similar to that of *Pierce Plowman's Visions;* a circumstance, which might entitle us to ascribe to some of them an earlier date than the reign of James V., did we not know that *Sir Galloran of Galloway*, and *Gawaine and Gologras*, two romances rendered almost unintelligible by the extremity of affected alliteration, are perhaps not prior to that period. Indeed, although we may allow, that during much earlier times, prophecies, under the names of those celebrated soothsayers, have been current in Scotland, yet those published by Hart have obviously been so often vamped and re-vamped to serve the political purposes of different periods, that it may be shrewdly suspected, that, as in the case of Sir John Cutler's transmigrated stockings, very little of the original materials now remains. I cannot refrain from indulging my readers with the publisher's title to the last prophecy; as it contains certain curious information concerning the Queen of Sheba, who is identified with the Cumæan Sybil: « Here followeth a prophecie, pro-

« nounced by a noble queene and matron, called « Sybilla, Regina Austri, that came to Solomon. « Through the which she compiled four bookes, at « the instance of and request the said King Sol. and « other divers: and the fourth book was directed to « a noble king, called Baldwine, king of the broad « isle of Britain; in the which she maketh mention « of two noble princes and emperours, the which « is called Leones. How these two shall subdue, « and overcome all earthlie princes to their dia- « deme and crowne, and also be glorified and « crowned in the heaven among saints. The first « of these two is Constantinus Magnus; that was « Leprosus, the son of Saint Helene, that found the « croce. The second is the sixt king of the name of « Steward of Scotland, the which is our most noble « king.» With such editors and commentators, what wonder that the text became unintelligible, even beyond the usual oracular obscurity of prediction?

If there still remain, therefore, among these predictions, any verses having a claim to real antiquity, it seems now impossible to discover them from those which are comparatively modern. Nevertheless, as there are to be found, in these compositions, some uncommonly wild and masculine expressions, the editor has been induced to throw a few passages together, into the sort of ballad to which this disquisition is prefixed. It would, indeed, have been no difficult matter for him, by a judicious selection, to have excited, in favour of Thomas of Ercildoun, a share of the admiration, bestowed by sundry wise persons upon Mass Robert Fleming. For example:

« But then the lilye shall be loused when they least think;
Then clear king's blood shal quake for fear of death;
For churls shal chop off heads of their chief beirns,
And carfe of the crowns that Christ hath appointed.

— — — — — —

Thereafter on every side sorrow shal arise;
The barges of clear barons down shal be sunken;
Seculars shal sit in spiritual seats,
Occupying offices anointed as they were.»

Taking the lily for the emblem of France, can there be a more plain prophecy of the murder of her monarch, the destruction of her nobility, and the desolation of her hierarchy?

But, without looking farther into the signs of the times, the editor, though the least of all the prophets, cannot help thinking that every true Briton will approve of his application of the last prophecy quoted in the ballad.

Hart's collection of prophecies has been frequently printed within the century, probably to favour the pretensions of the unfortunate family of Stuart. For the prophetic renown of Gildas and Bede, see *Fordun*, lib. 3.

Before leaving the subject of Thomas's predictions, it may be noticed, that sundry rhymes, passing for his prophetic effusions, are still current among the vulgar. Thus, he is said to have prophecied of the very ancient family of Haig of Bemerside,

Betide, betide, whate'er betide,
Haig shall be Haig of Bemerside.

The grandfather of the present proprietor of Bemerside had twelve daughters, before his lady brought him a male heir. The common people trembled for the credit of their favourite soothsayer. The late Mr Haig was at length born, and their belief in the prophecy confirmed beyond a shadow of doubt.

Another memorable prophecy bore, that the Old Kirk of Kelso, constructed out of the ruins of the Abbey, should fall when « at the fullest.» At a very crowded sermon, about thirty years ago, a piece of lime fell from the roof of the church. The alarm, for the fulfilment of the words of the seer, became universal; and happy were they, who were nearest the door of the predestined edifice. The church was in consequence deserted, and has never since had an opportunity of tumbling upon a full congregation. I hope, for the sake of a beautiful specimen of Saxo-Gothic architecture, that the accomplishment of this prophecy is far distant.

Another prediction, ascribed to the Rhymer, seems to have been founded on that sort of insight into futurity, possessed by most men of a sound and combining judgment. It runs thus:

> At Eildon Tree if you shall be,
> A brigg ower Tweed you there may see.

The spot in question commands an extensive prospect of the course of the river; and it was easy to foresee, that when the country should become in the least degree improved, a bridge would be somewhere

thrown over the stream. In fact, you now see no less than three bridges from that elevated situation.

Corspatrick (Comes Patrick,) Earl of March, but more commonly taking his title from his castle of Dunbar, acted a noted part during the wars of Edward I. in Scotland. As Thomas of Ercildoun is said to have delivered to him his famous prophecy of King Alexander's death, the author has chosen to introduce him into the following ballad. All the prophetic verses are selected from Hart's publication.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART SECOND.

WHEN seven years were come and gane,
The sun blinked fair on pool and stream;
And Thomas lay on Huntlie bank,
Like one awakened from a dream.

He heard the trampling of a steed,
He saw the flash of armour flee,
And he beheld a gallant knight,
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

He was a stalwart knight, and strong;
Of giant make he 'peared to be:
He stirr'd his horse, as he were wode,
Wi' gilded spurs, of faushion free.

Says—« Well met, well met, true Thomas!
Some uncouth ferlies shew to me.»
Says—« Christ thee save, Corspatrick brave!
Thrice welcome, good Dunbar, to me!

« Light down, light down, Corspatrick brave,
And I will shew thee curses three,

Shall gar fair Scotland greet and grane,
And change the green to the black livery.

« A storm shall roar, this very hour,
From Rosse's Hills to Solway sea.»
« Ye lied, ye lied, ye warlock hoar!
For the sun shines sweet on fauld and lea.»

He put his hand on the earlie's head;
He shew'd him a rock, beside the sea,
Where a king lay stiff, beneath his steed,(1)
And steel-dight nobles wiped their e'e.

« The neist curse lights on Branxton Hills:
By Flodden's high and heathery side,
Shall wave a banner red as blude,
And chieftains throng wi' meikle pride.

« A Scottish king shall come full keen;
The ruddy lion beareth he;
A feather'd arrow sharp, I ween,
Shall make him wink and warre to see.

« When he is bloody, and all to bledde,
Thus to his men he still shall say—
'For God's sake, turn ye back again,
And give yon southern folk a fray!
Why should I lose the right is mine?
My doom is not to die this day.'(2)

(1) King Alexander; killed by a fall from his horse, near Kinghorn.

(2) The uncertainty which long prevailed in Scotland concerning the fate of James IV. is well known.

« Yet turn ye to the eastern hand,
And woe and wonder ye sall see;
How forty thousand spearmen stand,
Where yon rank river meets the sea.

« There shall the lion lose the gylte,
And the libbards bear it clean away;
At Pinkyn Cleuch there shall be spilt
Much gentil blude that day.»

« Enough, enough, of curse and ban;
Some blessing shew thou now to me,
Or, by the faith o' my bodie,» Corspatrick said,
« Ye sall rue the day ye e'er saw me!»

« The first of blessings I shall thee shew,
Is by a burn, that's call'd of bread;(1)
Where Saxon men shall tine the bow,
And find their arrows lack the head.

« Beside that brigg, out-ower that burn,
Where the water bickereth bright and sheen,
Shall many a falling courser spurn,
And knights shall die in battle keen.

(1) One of Thomas's rhymes, preserved by tradition, runs thus:

« The burn of breid
Shall run fow reid.»

Bannock-burn is the brook here meant. The Scots give the name of *bannock* to a thick round cake of unleavened bread

« Beside a headless cross of stone,
The libbards there shall lose the gree;
The raven shall come, the erne shall go,
And drink the Saxon blood sae free.
The cross of stone they shall not know,
So thick the corses there shall be.»

« But tell me now,» said brave Dunbar,
« True Thomas, tell now unto me,
What man shall rule the isle Britain,
Even from the north to the southern sea?»

« A French queen shall bear the son,
Shall rule all Britain to the sea:
He of the Bruce's blood shall come,
As near as in the ninth degree.

« The waters worship shall his race,
Likewise the waves of the farthest sea;
For they shall ride ower ocean wide,
With hempen bridles, and horse of tree.»—

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART THIRD—MODERN.

THOMAS THE RHYMER was renowned among his contemporaries, as the author of the celebrated romance of *Sir Tristrem*. Of this once admired poem only one copy is known to exist, which is in the Advocates' Library. The author, in 1804, published a small edition of this curious work, which, if it does not revive the reputation of the bard of Erceldoun, is at least the earliest specimen of Scottish poetry hitherto published. Some account of this romance has already been given to the world in Mr Ellis's *Specimens of Ancient Poetry*, vol. I. p. 165, 3d. p. 410; a work, to which our predecessors and our posterity are alike obliged; the former, for the preservation of the best selected examples of their poetical taste; and the latter, for a history of the English language, which will only cease to be interesting with the existence of our mother-tongue, and all that genius and learning have recorded in it. It is sufficient here to mention, that, so great was the reputation of the romance of *Sir Tristrem*, that few were thought

capable of reciting it after the manner of the author; —a circumstance alluded to by Robert de Brune, the annalist:

I see in song, in sedgeyng tale,
Of Erceldoun, and of Kendale.
Now thame says as they thame wroght,
And in thare saying it semes nocht,
That thou may here in Sir Tristrem,
Over gestes it has the steme,
Over all that is or was;
If men it said as made Thomas, etc.

It appears, from a very curious MS. of the thirteenth century, *penes* Mr Douce of London, containing a French metrical romance of *Sir Tristrem*, that the work of our Thomas the Rhymer was known, and referred to, by the minstrels of Normandy and Bretagne. Having arrived at a part of the romance, where reciters were wont to differ in the mode of telling the story, the French bard expressly cites the authority of the poet of Erceldoun:

Plusurs de nos granter ne volent,
Co que del naim dire se solent,
Ki femme Kaherdin dut aimer,
Li naim redut Tristram narrer,
E entusché par grant engin,
Quant il afole Kaherdin;
Pur cest plaie e pur cest mal,
Enveiad Tristran Guvernal,
En Engleterre pur Ysolt
Thomas ico granter ne volt,
Et si volt par raisun mostrer,
Qu'ico ne put pas esteer, etc.

The tale of *Sir Tristrem*, as narrated in the Edinburgh MS., is totally different from the voluminous romance in prose, originally compiled on the same subject by Rusticien de Puise, and analysed by M. de Tressan; but agrees in every essential particular with the metrical performance, just quoted, which is a work of much higher antiquity.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART THIRD.

When seven years more had come and gone,
Was war through Scotland spread,
And Ruberslaw shew'd high Dunyon
His beacon blazing red.

Then all by bonny Coldingknow,
Pitch'd palliouns took their room,
And crested helms, and spears a rowe,
Glanced gaily through the broom.

The Leader, rolling to the Tweed,
Resounds the ensenzie;(1)
They roused the deer from Caddenhead,
To distant Torwoodlee.

The feast was spread in Erecildoune,
In Learmont's high and ancient hall;
And there were knights of great renown,
And ladies laced in pall.

(1) *Ensenzie*—War-cry, or gathering word.

Nor lacked they, while they sat at dine,
The music, nor the tale,
Nor goblets of the blood-red wine,
Nor mantling quaighs (1) of ale.

True Thomas rose, with harp in hand,
When as the feast was done;
(In minstrel strife, in Fairy Land,
The elfin harp he won.)

Hush'd were the throng, both limb and tongue,
And harpers for envy pale;
And armed lords lean'd on their swords,
And hearken'd to the tale.

In numbers high, the witching tale
The prophet pour'd along;
No after bard might e'er avail (2)
Those numbers to prolong.

Yet fragments of the lofty strain
Float down the tide of years,
As, buoyant on the stormy main,
A parted wreck appears.

He sung King Arthur's Table Round:
The warrior of the lake;
How courteous Gawaine met the wound,
And bled for ladies' sake.

(1) *Quaighs*—Wooden cups, composed of staves hooped together.
(2) See introduction to this Ballad.

But chief, in gentle Tristrem's praise,
The notes melodious swell;
Was none excell'd, in Arthur's days,
The knight of Lionelle.

For Marke, his cowardly uncle's right,
A venom'd wound he bore;
When fierce Morholde he slew in fight,
Upon the Irish shore.

No art the poison might withstand;
No med'cine could be found,
Till lovely Isolde's lily hand
Had probed the rankling wound.

With gentle hand and soothing tongue,
She bore the leech's part;
And, while she o'er his sick-bed hung,
He paid her with his heart.

O fatal was the gift, I ween!
For, doom'd in evil tide,
The maid must be rude Cornwall's queen,
His cowardly uncle's bride.

Their loves, their woes, the gifted bard
In fairy tissue wove;
Where lords, and knights, and ladies bright,
In gay confusion strove.

The Garde Joyeuse, amid the tale,
High rear'd its glittering head;

And Avalon's enchanted vale
In all its wonders spread.

Brengwain was there, and Segramore,
And fiend-born Merlin's gramarye;
Of that famed wizard's mighty lore,
O who could sing but he?

Through many a maze the winning song
In changeful passion led,
Till bent at length the listening throng
O'er Tristrem's dying bed.

His ancient wounds their scars expand;
With agony his heart is wrung;
O where is Isolde's lily hand,
And where her soothing tongue?

She comes, she comes! like flash of flame
Can lovers' footsteps fly:
She comes, she comes!—she only came
To see her Tristrem die.

She saw him die; her latest sigh
Join'd in a kiss his parting breath:
The gentlest pair, that Britain bare,
United are in death.

There paused the harp; its lingering sound
Died slowly on the ear;
The silent guests still bent around,
For still they seem'd to hear.

Then woe broke forth in murmurs weak,
Nor ladies heaved alone the sigh;
But, half ashamed, the rugged cheek
Did many a gauntlet dry.

On Leader's stream, and Learmont's tower,
The mists of evening close;
In camp, in castle, or in bower,
Each warrior sought repose.

Lord Douglas, in his lofty tent,
Dream'd o'er the woeful tale;
When footsteps light, across the bent,
The warrior's ears assail.

He starts, he wakes:—« What, Richard, ho!
Arise, my page, arise!
What venturous wight, at dead of night,
Dare step where Douglas lies!»

Then forth they rush'd: by Leader's tide,
A selcouth (1) sight they see—
A hart and hind pace side by side,
As white as snow on Fairnalie.

Beneath the moon, with gesture proud,
They stately move and slow;
Nor scare they at the gathering crowd,
Who marvel as they go.

(1) *Selcouth*—Wondrous.

To Learmont's tower a message sped,
As fast as page might run;
And Thomas started from his bed,
And soon his cloaths did on.

First he woxe pale, and then woxe red;
Never a word he spake but three;—
« My sand is run; my thread is spun;
This sign regardeth me.»

The elfin harp his neck around,
In minstrel guise, he hung;
And on the wind, in doleful sound,
Its dying accents rung.

Then forth he went; yet turned him oft
To view his ancient hall;
On the grey tower, in lustre soft,
The autumn moon-beams fall.

And Leader's waves, like silver sheen,
Danced shimmering in the ray;
In deepening mass, at distance seen,
Broad Soltra's mountains lay.

« Farewell, my father's ancient tower!
A long farewell,» said he:
« The scene of pleasure, pomp, or power,
Thou never more shalt be.

« To Learmont's name no foot of earth
Shall here again belong,

And on thy hospitable hearth
The hare shall leave her young.

« Adieu! Adieu!» again he cried,
All as he turned him roun'—
« Farewell to Leader's silver tide!
Farewell to Ercildoun!»

The hart and hind approach'd the place,
As lingering yet he stood;
And there, before Lord Douglas' face,
With them he cross'd the flood.

Lord Douglas leap'd on his berry-brown steed,
And spurr'd him the Leader o'er;
But, though he rode with lightning speed,
He never saw them more.

Some said to hill, and some to glen,
Their wondrous course had been;
But ne'er in haunts of living men
Again was Thomas seen.

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NOTES

ON

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART THIRD.

And Ruberslaw shew'd high Dunyon.—P. 151. v. 1.

Ruberslaw and Dunyon are two high hills above Jedburgh.

Then all by bonny Coldingknow.—P. 151. v. 2.

An ancient tower near Ercildoun, belonging to a family of the name of Home. One of Thomas's prophecies is said to have run thus:

Vengeance, vengeance! when and where?
On the house of Coldingknow, now and ever mair!

The spot is rendered classical by its having given name to the beautiful melody, called the *Broom o' the Cowdenknows.*

They roused the deer from Caddenhead,
To distant Torwoodlee.—P. 151. v. 3.

Torwoodlee and Caddenhead are places in Selkirkshire.

How courteous Gawaine met the wound.—P. 152. v. 6.

See, in the *Fabliaux* of Monsieur le Grand, elegantly translated by the late Gregory Way, Esq., the tale of the *Knight and the Sword.*

As white as snow on Fairnalie.—P. 155. v. 5.

An ancient seat upon the Tweed, in Selkirkshire. In a popular edition of the first part of Thomas the Rhymer, the fairy queen thus addresses him :

« Gin ye wad meet wi' me again,
Gang to the bonny banks of Fairnalie. »

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

A POEM.

IN SIX CANTOS.

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE is a mood of mind we all have known,
On drowsy eve, or dark and low'ring day,
When the tired spirits lose their sprightly tone,
And nought can chase the lingering hours away.
Dull on our soul falls Fancy's dazzling ray,
And Wisdom holds his steadier torch in vain,
Obscured the painting seems, mistuned the lay,
Nor dare we of our listless load complain,
For who for sympathy may seek that cannot tell of pain?

The jolly sportsman knows such drearihood,
When bursts in deluge the autumnal rain,
Clouding that morn which threats the heath-cock's brood;
Of such, in summer's drought the anglers plain,
Who hope the soft mild southern shower in vain;
But, more than all, the discontented fair,
Whom father stern, and sterner aunt, restrain
From county-ball, or race occurring rare,
While all her friends around their vestments gay prepare.

Ennui!—or, as our mothers call'd thee, Spleen!
To thee we owe full many a rare device;—
Thine is the sheaf of painted cards, I ween,
The rolling billiard-ball, the rattling dice,
The turning lathe for framing gimcrack nice;
The amateur's blotch'd pallet thou may'st claim,
Retort, and air-pump, threatening frogs and mice,
(Murders disguised by philosophic name,)
And much of trifling grave, and much of buxom game.

Then of the books, to catch thy drowsy glance
Compiled, what bard the catalogue may quote!
Plays, poems, novels, never read but once;—
But not of such the tale fair Edgeworth wrote,
That bears thy name, and is thine antidote;
And not of such the strain my Thomson sung,
Delicious dreams inspiring by his note,
What time to Indolence his harp he strung.
Oh! might my lay be rank'd that happier list among!

Each hath his refuge whom thy carés assail.
For me, I love my study-fire to trim,
And con right vacantly some idle tale,
Displaying on the couch each listless limb,
Till on the drowsy page the lights grow dim,
And doubtful slumber half supplies the theme;
While antique shapes of knight and giant grim,
Damsel and dwarf, in long procession gleam,
And the Romancer's tale becomes the Reader's dream.

'Tis thus my malady I well may bear,
Albeit outstretch'd, like Pope's own Paridel,
Upon the rack of a too-easy chair;
And find, to cheat the time, a powerful spell
In old romaunts of errantry that tell,
Or later legends of the Fairy-folk,
Or oriental tale of Afrite fell,
Of Genii, Talisman, and broad-wing'd Roc,
Though taste may blush and frown, and sober reason mock.

Oft at such season, too, will rhymes unsought,
Arrange themselves in some romantic lay;
The which, as things unfitting graver thought,
Are burnt or blotted on some wiser day.—
These few survive—and, proudly let me say,
Court not the critic's smile, nor dread his frown;
They well may serve to while an hour away,
Nor does the volume ask for more renown,
Than Ennui's yawning smile, what time she drops it down.

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

List to the valorous deeds that were done
By Harold the Dauntless, Count Witikind's son!

Count Witikind came of a regal strain,
And roved with his Norsemen the land and the main.
Woe to the realms which he coasted! for there
Was shedding of blood, and rending of hair,
Rape of maiden, and slaughter of priest,
Gathering of ravens and wolves to the feast:
When he hoisted his standard black,
Before him was battle, behind him wrack,
And he burn'd the churches, that heathen Dane,
To light his band to their barks again.

II.

On Erin's shores was his outrage known,
The winds of France had his banners blown;
Little was there to plunder, yet still
His pirates had foray'd on Scottish hill;
But upon merry England's coast
More frequent he sail'd, for he won the most.

So wide and so far his ravage they knew,
If a sail but gleam'd white 'gainst the welkin blue,
Trumpet and bugle to arms did call,
Burghers hasten'd to man the wall,
Peasants fled inland his fury to 'scape,
Beacons were lighted on headland and cape,
Bells were toll'd out, and aye as they rung,
Fearful and faintly the grey brothers sung,
« Bless us, St Mary, from flood and from fire,
From famine and pest, and Count Witikind's ire !»—

III.

He liked the wealth of fair England so well,
That he sought in her bosom as native to dwell.
He enter'd the Humber in fearful hour,
And disembark'd with his Danish power.
Three Earls came against him with all their train,—
Two hath he taken, and one hath he slain :
Count Witikind left the Humber's rich strand,
And he wasted and warr'd in Northumberland.
But the Saxon King was a sire in age,
Weak in battle, in council sage;
Peace of that heathen leader he sought,
Gifts he gave, and quiet he bought;
And the Count took upon him the peaceable stile,
Of a vassal and liegeman of Britain's broad isle.

IV.

Time will rust the sharpest sword,
Time will consume the strongest cord;
That which moulders hemp and steel,
Mortal arm and nerve must feel.

Of the Danish band, whom Count Witikind led,
Many wax'd aged, and many were dead;
Himself found his armour full weighty to bear,
Wrinkled his brows grew, and hoary his hair;
He lean'd on a staff, when his step went abroad,
And patient his palfrey, when steed he bestrode;
As he grew feebler his wildness ceased,
He made himself peace with prelate and priest,
Made his peace, and, stooping his head,
Patiently listed the counsel they said;
Saint Cuthbert's bishop was holy and grave,
Wise and good was the counsel he gave.

V.

« Thou hast murder'd, robb'd, and spoil'd,
Time it is thy poor soul were assoil'd;
Priest didst thou slay, and churches burn,
Time is now to repentance to turn;
Fiends hast thou worshipp'd, with fiendish rite,
Leave now the darkness, and wend into light:
O! while life and space are given,
Turn thee yet, and think of Heaven!»
That stern old heathen his head he raised,
And on the good prelate he stedfastly gazed;
« Give me broad lands on the Wear and the Tyne,
My faith I will leave, and I'll cleave unto thine.»

VI.

Broad lands he gave him on Tyne and on Wear,
To be held of the church by bridle and spear;
Part of Monkwearmouth, of Tynedale part,
To better his will, and to soften his heart:

Count Witikind was a joyful man,
Less for the faith than the lands that he wan.
The high church of Durham is dress'd for the day,
The clergy are rank'd in their solemn array;
There came the Count, in a bear-skin warm,
Leaning on Hilda his concubine's arm;
He kneel'd before Saint Cuthbert's shrine,
With patience unwonted at rites divine;
He abjured the gods of heathen race,
And he bent his head at the font of grace;
But such was the griesly old proselyte's look,
That the priest who baptized him grew pale and shook;
And the old monks mutter'd beneath their hood,
« Of a stem so stubborn can never spring good! »—

VII.

Up then arose that grim convertite,
Homeward he hied him when ended the rite;
The prelate in honour will with him ride,
And feast on his castle on Tyne's fair side.
Banners and banderols danced in the wind,
Monks rode before them, and spearmen behind;
Onward they pass'd, till fairly did shine
Pennon and cross on the bosom of Tyne;
And full in front did that fortress lour,
In darksome strength with its buttress and tower;
At the castle-gate was young Harold there,
Count Witikind's only offspring and heir.

VIII.

Young Harold was fear'd for his hardihood,
His strength of frame, and his fury of mood;

Rude he was and wild to behold,
Wore neither collar nor bracelet of gold,
Cap of vair nor rich array,
Such as should grace that festal day:
His doublet of bull's hide was all unbraced,
Uncover'd his head, and his sandal unlaced:
His shaggy black locks on his brow hung low,
And his eyes glanced through them a swarthy glow;
A Danish club in his hand he bore,
The spikes were clotted with recent gore;
At his back a she-wolf, and her wolf-cubs twain,
In the dangerous chase that morning slain.
Rude was the greeting his father he made,
None to the Bishop,—while thus he said:

IX.

« What priest-led hypocrite art thou,
With thy humbled look and thy monkish brow,
Like a shaveling who studies to cheat his vow?
Canst thou be Witikind the Waster known,
Royal Eric's fearless son,
Haughty Gunhilda's haughtier lord,
Who won his bride by the axe and sword;
From the shrine of St Peter the chalice who tore,
And melted to bracelets for Freya and Thor;
With one blow of his gauntlet who burst the skull,
Before Odin's stone, of the Mountain Bull?
Then ye worshipp'd with rites that to war-gods belong,
With the deed of the brave, and the blow of the strong,
And now, in thine age to dotage sunk,
Wilt thou patter thy crimes to a shaven monk,

Lay down thy mail-shirt for clothing of hair,
Fasting and scourge, like a slave, wilt thou bear?
Or, at best, be admitted in slothful bower
To batten with priest and with paramour?
O! out upon thine endless shame!
Each Scald's high harp shall blast thy fame,
And thy son will refuse thee a father's name!»—

X.

Ireful wax'd old Witikind's look,
His faultering voice with fury shook;—
« Hear me, Harold, of harden'd heart!
Stubborn and wilful ever thou wert.
Thine outrage insane I command thee to cease,
Fear my wrath and remain at peace:—
Just is the debt of repentance I've paid,
Richly the church has a recompence made,
And the truth of her doctrines I prove with my blade.
But reckoning to none of my actions I owe,
And least to my son such accounting will show.
Why speak I to thee of repentance or truth,
Who ne'er from thy childhood knew reason or ruth?
Hence! to the wolf and the bear in her den;
These are thy mates, and not rational men.»—

XI.

Grimly smiled Harold, and coldly replied,
« We must honour our sires, if we fear when they chide.
For me, I am yet what thy lessons have made,
I was rock'd in a buckler and fed from a blade;

An infant, was taught to clap hands and to shout,
From the roofs of the tower when the flame had
broke out;
In the blood of slain foemen my finger to dip,
And tinge with its purple my cheek and my lip.—
'Tis thou know'st not truth, that has barter'd in eld,
For a price, the brave faith that thine ancestors held.
When this wolf,»—and the carcase he flung on the
plain,—
« Shall awake and give food to her nurslings again,
The face of his father will Harold review;
Till then, aged Heathen, young Christian, adieu!»

XII.

Priest, monk, and prelate stood aghast,
As through the pageant the heathen pass'd.
A cross-bearer out of his saddle he flung,
Laid his hand on the pummel and into it sprung;
Loud was the shriek, and deep the groan,
When the holy sign on the earth was thrown!
The fierce old Count unsheathed his brand,
But the calmer Prelate stay'd his hand;
« Let him pass free!—Heaven knows its hour,—
But he must own repentance's power,
Pray and weep, and penance bear,
Ere he hold land by the Tyne and the Wear.»—
Thus in scorn and in wrath from his father is gone
Young Harold the Dauntless, Count Witikind's son.

XIII.

High was the feasting in Witikind's hall,
Revell'd priests, soldiers, and pagans, and all;

And even the good Bishop was fain to endure
The scandal which time and instruction might cure:
It were dangerous, he deem'd, at the first to restrain,
In his wine and his wassail, a half-christen'd Dane.
The mead flow'd around and the ale was drain'd dry,
Wild was the laughter, the song, and the cry;
With Kyrie Eleisen came clamorously in
The war-songs of Danesman, Norweyan, and Finn,
Till man after man the contention gave o'er,
Outstretch'd on the rushes that strew'd the hall floor;
And the tempest within, having ceased its wild rout,
Gave place to the tempest that thunder'd without.

XIV.

Apart from the wassail, in turret alone,
Lay flaxen-hair'd Gunnar, old Ermengarde's son;
In the train of Lord Harold the page was the first,
For Harold in childhood had Ermengarde nursed;
And grieved was young Gunnar his master should roam,
Unhoused and unfriended, an exile from home.
He heard the deep thunder, the plashing of rain,
He saw the red lightning through shot-hole and pane,
« And oh! » said the page, « on the shelterless wold
Lord Harold is wandering in darkness and cold!
What though he was stubborn, and wayward, and wild,
He endured me because I was Ermengarde's child,
And often from dawn till the set of the sun,
In the chase, by his stirrup, unchidden I run:

I would I were older and knighthood could bear,
I would soon quit the banks of the Tyne and the
Wear;
For my mother's command with her last parting
breath,
Bade me follow her nursling in life and to death.

XV.

« It pours and it thunders, it lightens amain,
As if Lok, the Destroyer, had burst from his chain!
Accursed by the church, and expell'd by his sire,
Nor Christian nor Dane give him shelter or fire,
And this tempest what mortal may houseless endure?
Unaided, unmantled, he dies on the moor!
Whate'er comes of Gunnar he tarries not here.»
He leapt from his couch and he grasp'd to his spear,
Sought the hall of the feast. Undisturb'd by his trèad,
The wassailers slept fast as the sleep of the dead:
« Ungrateful and bestial!» his anger broke forth,
« To forget 'mid your goblets the pride of the North!
And you, ye cowl'd priests, who have plenty in store,
Must give Gunnar for ransom a palfrey and ore.»—

XVI.

Then heeding full little of ban or of curse,
He has seized on the Prior of Jorvaux's purse:
Saint Meneholt's Abbot next morning has miss'd
His mantle, deep furr'd from the cape to the wrist:
The seneschal's keys from his belt he has ta'en,
(Well drench'd on that eve was old Hildebrand's
brain).

To the stable-yard he made his way,
And mounted the Bishop's palfrey gay,
Castle and hamlet behind him has cast,
And right on his way to the moorland has pass'd.
Sore snorted the palfrey, unused to face
A weather so wild at so rash a pace;
So long he snorted, so loud he neigh'd,
There answer'd a steed that was bound beside,
And the red flash of lightning shew'd there where lay
His master, Lord Harold, outstretch'd on the clay.

XVII.

Up he started, and thunder'd out, « Stand!»
And raised the club in his deadly hand.
The flaxen-hair'd Gunnar his purpose told,
Shew'd the palfrey and proffer'd the gold.
« Back, back, and home, thou simple boy!
Thou canst not share my grief or joy:
Have I not mark'd thee wail and cry
When thou hast seen a sparrow die?
And canst thou, as my follower should,
Wade ancle-deep through foeman's blood,
Dare mortal and immortal foe,
The gods above, the fiends below,
And man on earth, more hateful still,
The very fountain-head of ill?
Desperate of life, and careless of death,
Lover of bloodshed, and slaughter, and scathe,
Such must thou be with me to roam,
And such thou canst not be—back, and home!»—

XVIII.

Young Gunnar shook like an aspen bough,
As he heard the harsh voice and beheld the dark brow,
And half he repented his purpose and vow.
But now to draw back were bootless shame,
And he loved his master, so urged his claim:
« Alas! if my arm and my courage be weak,
Bear with me a while for old Ermengarde's sake;
Nor deem so lightly of Gunnar's faith,
As to fear he would break it for peril of death.
Have I not risk'd it to fetch thee this gold,
This surcoat and mantle to fence thee from cold?
And, did I bear a baser mind,
What lot remains if I stay behind?
The priests' revenge, thy father's wrath,
A dungeon and a shameful death.»—

XIX.

With gentler look Lord Harold eyed
The page, then turn'd his head aside;
And either a tear did his eye-lash stain,
Or it caught a drop of the passing rain.
« Art thou an outcast then?» quoth he,
« The meeter page to follow me.»
'Twere bootless to tell what climes they sought,
Ventures achieved, and battles fought;
How oft with few, how oft alone,
Fierce Harold's arm the field hath won.
Men swore his eye, that flash'd so red
When each other glance was quench'd with dread,

Bore oft a light of deadly flame
That ne'er from mortal courage came.
Those limbs so strong, that mood so stern,
That loved the couch of heath and fern,
Afar from hamlet, tower, and town,
More than to rest on driven down;
That stubborn frame, that sullen mood,
Men deem'd must come of aught but good;
And they whisper'd, the great Master Fiend was at one
With Harold the Dauntless, Count Witikind's son.

XX.

Years after years had gone and fled,
The good old Prelate lies lapp'd in lead;
In the chapel still is shewn
His sculptured form on a marble stone,
With staff and ring and scapulaire,
And folded hands in the act of prayer.
Saint Cuthbert's mitre is resting now
On the haughty Saxon, bold Aldingar's brow;
The power of his crozier he loved to extend
O'er whatever would break or whatever would bend:
And now hath he clothed him in cope and in pall,
And the Chapter of Durham has met at his call.
« And hear ye not, brethren,» the proud Bishop said,
« That our vassal, the Danish Count Witikind, 's dead?
All his gold and his goods hath he given
To holy church for the love of heaven,
And hath founded a chantry with stipend and dole,
That priests and that beadsmen may pray for his soul:

Harold his son is wandering abroad,
Dreaded by man and abhorred by God;
Meet it is not, that such should heir
The lands of the church on the Tyne and the Wear;
And at her pleasure, her hallow'd hands
May now resume these wealthy lands.»—

XXI.

Answer'd good Eustace, a canon old,
« Harold is tameless, and furious, and bold;
Ever renown blows a note of fame,
And a note of fear, when she sounds his name:
Much of bloodshed and much of scathe
Have been their lot who have waked his wrath.
Leave him these lands and lordships still,
Heaven in its hour may change his will;
But if reft of gold, and of living bare,
An evil counsellor is despair.»—
More had he said, but the Prelate frown'd,
And murmur'd his brethren who sate around,
And with one consent have they given their doom,
That the church should the lands of Saint Cuthbert
resume.
So will'd the Prelate; and canon and dean
Gave to his judgment their loud amen.

END OF CANTO FIRST.

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

CANTO SECOND.

I.

'Tis merry in greenwood, thus runs the old lay,
When the wild birds' song on stem and spray
Invites to forest bower;
Then rears the ash his airy crest,
Then shines the birch in silver vest,
And the beech in glistening leaves is dress'd,
And dark between shews the oak's proud breast,
Like a chieftain's frowning tower;
Though a thousand branches join their screen,
Yet the broken sun-beams glance between,
And tip the leaves with lighter green,
With brighter tints the flower:
Dull is the heart that loves not then
The deep recess of the wild-wood glen,
Where roe and red-deer find sheltering den,
When the sun is in his power.

II.

Less merry, perchance, is the fading leaf
That follows so soon on the gather'd sheaf,

When the green-wood loses the name;
Silent is then the forest bound,
Save the red-breast's note, and the rustling sound
Of frost-nipt leaves that are dropping round,
Or the deep-mouth'd cry of the distant hound
That opens on his game;
Yet then, too, I love the forest wide,
Whether the sun in splendour ride
And gild its many-colour'd side;
Or whether the soft and silvery haze,
In vapoury folds, o'er the landscape strays,
And half involves the woodland maze,
Like an early widow's veil,
Where wimpling tissue from the gaze
The form half hides and half betrays,
Of beauty wan and pale.

III.

Fair Metelill was a woodland maid,
Her father a rover of green-wood shade,
By forest statutes undismay'd,
Who lived by bow and quiver.
Well known was Wulfstane's archery,
By merry Tyne both on moor and lea,
Through wooded Weardale's glens so free,
Well beside Stanhope's wild-wood tree,
And well on Ganlesse river.
Yet free though he trespass'd on woodland game,
More known and more fear'd was the wizard fame
Of Jutta of Rookhope, the Outlaw's dame;
Fear'd when she frown'd was her eye of flame,
More fear'd when in wrath she laugh'd;
For then, 'twas said, more fatal true

To its dread aim her spell-glance flew,
Than when from Wulfstane's bended yew
Sprung forth the grey-goose shaft.

IV.

Yet had this fierce and dreaded pair,
So heaven decreed, a daughter fair;
None brighter crown'd the bed,
In Britain's bounds, of peer or prince,
Nor hath, perchance, a lovelier since
In this fair isle been bred.
And nought of fraud, or ire, or ill,
Was known to gentle Metelill,
A simple maiden she;
The spells in dimpled smiles that lie,
And a downcast blush, and the darts that fly
With the sidelong glance of a hazel eye,
Were her arms and witchery.
So young, so simple was she yet,
She scarce could childhood's joys forget,
And still she loved, in secret set
Beneath the green-wood tree,
To plait the rushy coronet,
And braid with flowers her locks of jet,
As when in infancy;—
Yet could that heart, so simple, prove
The early dawn of stealing love:
Ah! gentle maid, beware!
The power who, now so mild a guest,
Gives dangerous yet delicious zest
To the calm pleasures of thy breast,
Will soon, a tyrant o'er the rest,
Let none his empire share.

V.

One morn, in kirtle green array'd,
Deep in the wood the maiden stray'd,
And, where a fountain sprung,
She sate her down, unseen, to thread
The scarlet berry's mimic braid,
And while her beads she strung,
Like the blithe lark, whose carol gay
Gives a good-morrow to the day,
So lightsomely she sung.

VI.

SONG.

Lord William was born in gilded bower,
The heir of Wilton's lofty tower;
Yet better loves Lord William now
To roam beneath wild Rookhope's brow;
And William has lived where ladies fair
With gawds and jewels deck their hair,
Yet better loves the dew-drops still
That pearl the locks of Metelill.

« The pious Palmer loves, I wis,
Saint Cuthbert's hallow'd beads to kiss;
But I, though simple girl I be,
Might have such homage paid to me;
For did Lord William see me suit
This necklace of the bramble's fruit,
He fain—but must not have his will,—
Would kiss the beads of Metelill.

« My nurse has told me many a tale,
How vows of love are weak and frail;
My mother says that courtly youth
By rustic maid means seldom sooth.
What should they mean? it cannot be,
That such a warning's meant for me,
For nought—oh! nought of fraud or ill
Can William mean to Metelill!»—

VII.

Sudden she stops—and starts to feel
A weighty hand, a glove of steel,
Upon her shrinking shoulders laid;
Fearful she turn'd, and saw, dismay'd,
A Knight in plate and mail array'd,
His crest and bearing worn and fray'd,
His surcoat soil'd and riven,
Form'd like that giant race of yore,
Whose long-continued crimes out-wore
The sufferance of heaven.
Stern accents made his pleasure known,
Though then he used his gentlest tone:
« Maiden,» he said, « sing forth thy glee.
Start not—sing on—it pleases me.»

VIII.

Secured within his powerful hold,
To bend her knee, her hands to fold,
Was all the maiden might;
And « Oh! forgive,» she faintly said,
« The terrors of a simple maid,
If thou art mortal wight!

But if—of such strange tales are told,—
Unearthly warrior of the wold,
Thou com'st to chide mine accents bold,
My mother, Jutta, knows the spell,
At noon and midnight pleasing well
The disembodied ear;
Oh! let her powerful charms atone
For aught my rashness may have done,
And cease thy grasp of fear.»
Then laughed the Knight—his laughter's sound
Half in the hollow helmet drown'd;
His barred vizor then he raised,
And steady on the maiden gazed.
He smooth'd his brows, as best he might,
To the dread calm of autumn night,
When sinks the tempest's roar;
Yet still the cautious fishers eye
The clouds, and fear the gloomy sky,
And haul their barks on shore.

IX.

« Damsel,» he said, « be wise, and learn
Matters of weight and deep concern:
From distant realms I come,
And, wanderer long, at length have plann'd
In this my native Northern land
To seek myself a home.
Nor that alone—a mate I seek;
She must be gentle, soft and meek,—
No lordly dame for me;
Myself am something rough of mood,

And feel the fire of royal blood,
And therefore do not hold it good
To match in my degree.
Then, since coy maidens say my face
Is harsh, my form devoid of grace,
For a fair lineage to provide,
'Tis meet that my selected bride
In lineaments be fair;
I love thine well—till now I ne'er
Look'd patient on a face of fear,
But now that tremulous sob and tear
Become thy beauty rare.
One kiss—nay, damsel, coy it not:
And now go seek thy parents' cot,
And say, a bridegroom soon I come,
To woo my love and bear her home."

X.

Home sprung the maid without a pause,
As leveret 'scaped from greyhound's jaws;
But still she lock'd, howe'er distress'd,
The secret in her boding breast;
Dreading her sire, who oft forbade
Her steps should stray to distant glade.
Night came—to her accustom'd nook
Her distaff aged Jutta took,
And by the lamp's imperfect glow,
Rough Wulfstane trimm'd his shafts and bow.
Sudden and clamorous, from the ground
Upstarted slumbering brach and hound;
Loud knocking next the lodge alarms,
And Wulfstane snatches at his arms,

When opening flew the yielding door,
And that grim Warrior press'd the floor.

XI.

« All peace be here—What! none replies?
Dismiss your fears and your surprise.
'Tis I—that maid hath told my tale,
Or, trembler, did thy courage fail?
It recks not—it is I demand
Fair Metelill in marriage band;
Harold the Dauntless I, whose name
Is brave men's boast and caitiff's shame.»—
The parents sought each other's eyes,
With awe, resentment, and surprise:
Wulfstane, to quarrel prompt, began
The stranger's size and thewes to scan;
But as he scann'd, his courage sunk,
And from unequal strife he shrunk.
Then forth, to blight and blemish, flies
The harmful curse from Jutta's eyes;
Yet fatal howsoe'er, the spell
On Harold innocently fell!
And disappointment and amaze
Were in the witch's wilder'd gaze.

XII.

But soon the wit of woman woke,
And to the Warrior mild she spoke:
« Her child was all too young.»—« A toy,
The refuge of a maiden coy.»—
Again, « A powerful baron's heir
Claims in her heart an interest fair.»

« A trifle—whisper in his ear,
That Harold is a suitor here!»
Baffled at length she sought delay:
« Would not the Knight till morning stay?
Late was the hour—he there might rest
Till morn, their lodge's honour'd guest.»
Such were her words,—her craft might cast,
Her honour'd guest should sleep his last:
« No, not to-night—but soon,» he swore,
« He would return, nor leave them more.»—
The threshold then his huge stride crost,
And soon he was in darkness lost.

XIII.

Appall'd awhile the parents stood,
Then changed their fear to angry mood,
And foremost fell their words of ill
On unresisting Metelill:
Was she not caution'd and forbid,
Forewarn'd, implored, accused, and chid,
And must she still to greenwood roam,
To marshal such misfortune home?
« Hence, minion—to thy chamber hence,
There prudence learn and penitence.»
She went—her lonely couch to steep
In tears which absent lovers weep;
Or if she gain'd a troubled sleep,
Fierce Harold's suit was still the theme
And terror of her feverish dream.

XIV.

Scarce was she gone, her dame and sire
Upon each other bent their ire;

« A woodsman thou, and hast a spear,
And could'st thou such an insult bear?»
Sullen he said, « A man contends
With men, a witch with sprites and fiends;
Not to mere mortal wight belong
Yon gloomy brow and frame so strong.
But thou—is this thy promise fair,
That your Lord William, wealthy heir
To Ulrick, Baron of Witton-le-wear,
Should Metelill to altar bear?
Do all the spells thou boast'st as thine
Serve but to slay some peasant's kine,
His grain in autumn-storms to steep,
Or thorough fog and fen to sweep,
And hag-ride some poor rustic's sleep?
Is such mean mischief worth the fame
Of sorceress and witch's name?
Fame, which with all men's wish conspires,
With thy deserts and my desires,
To damn thy corpse to penal fires?
Out on thee, witch! aroint! aroint!
What now shall put thy schemes in joint?
What save this trusty arrow's point,
From the dark dingle when it flies,
And he who meets it gasps and dies.»—

XV.

Stern she replied, « I will not wage
War with thy folly or thy rage;
But ere the morrow's sun be low,
Wulfstane of Rookhope, thou shalt know,
If I can venge me on a foe.

Believe the while, that whatsoe'er
I spoke, in ire, of bow and spear,
It is not Harold's destiny
The death of pilfer'd deer to die.
But he, and thou, and yon pale moon,
That shall be yet more pallid soon,
Before she sink behind the dell,
Thou, she, and Harold too, shall tell
What Jutta knows of charm or spell.»—
Thus muttering, to the door she bent
Her wayward steps, and forth she went,
And left alone the moody sire,
To cherish or to slake his ire.

XVI.

Far faster than belong'd to age,
Has Jutta made her pilgrimage.
A priest has met her as she pass'd,
And cross'd himself and stood aghast:
She traced a hamlet—not a cur
His throat would ope, his foot would stir;
By crouch, by trembling, and by groan,
They made her hated presence known!
But when she trode the sable fell,
Were wilder sounds her way to tell,—
For far was heard the fox's yell,
The black-cock waked and faintly crew,
Scream'd o'er the moss the scared curlew;
Where o'er the cataract the oak
Lay slant, was heard the raven's croak;
The mountain-cat which sought his prey,
Glared, scream'd, and started from her way.

Such music cheer'd her journey lone
To the deep dell and rocking stone:
There, with unhallow'd hymn of praise,
She called a God of heathen days.

XVII.

INVOCATION.

From thy Pomeranian throne,
Hewn in rock of living stone,
Where, to thy godhead faithful yet,
Bend Esthonian, Finn, and Lett,
And their swords in vengeance whet,
That shall make thine altars wet,
Wet and red for ages more
With the Christians' hated gore,—
Hear me! Sovereign of the Rock,
Hear me, mighty Zernebock.

Mightiest of the mighty known,
Here thy wonders have been shown;
Hundred tribes in various tongue
Oft have here thy praises sung,
Down that stone with runick seam'd
Hundred victims' blood hath stream'd!
Now one woman comes alone,
And but wets it with her own,
The last, the feeblest of thy flock,—
Hear—and be present, Zernebock!

Hark! he comes; the night-blast cold
Wilder sweeps along the wold;

The cloudless moon grows dark and dim,
And bristling hair and quaking limb
Proclaim the Master Demon nigh,—
Those who view his form shall die!
Lo! I stoop and veil my head.—
Thou who ridest the tempest dread,
Shaking hill and rending oak—
Spare me! spare me! Zernebock.

He comes not yet! Shall cold delay
Thy votaress at her need repay?
Thou—shall I call thee god or fiend!—
Let others on thy mood attend
With prayer and ritual—Jutta's arms
Are necromantic words and charms:
Mine is the spell, that, utter'd once,
Shall wake Thy Master from his trance,
Shake his red mansion-house of pain,
And burst his seven-times twisted chain,
So! comest thou ere the spell is spoke?
I own thy presence, Zernebock.

XVIII.

« Daughter of dust,» the Deep Voice said,
—Shook while it spoke the vale for dread,
Rock'd on the base that massive stone,
The Evil Deity to own,—
« Daughter of dust! not mine the power
Thou seek'st on Harold's fatal hour.
'Twixt heaven and hell there is a strife
Waged for his soul and for his life,

And fain would we the combat win,
And snatch him in his hour of sin.
There is a star now rising red,
That threats him with an influence dread:
Woman, thine arts of malice whet,
To use the space before it set.
Involve him with the church in strife,
Push on adventurous chance his life;
Ourself will in the hour of need,
As best we may, thy counsels speed.»
So ceased the Voice; for seven leagues round
Each hamlet started at the sound;
But slept again, as slowly died
Its thunders on the hill's brown side.

XIX.

« And is this all,» said Jutta stern,
« That thou canst teach and I can learn?
Hence! to the land of fog and waste!
There fittest is thine influence placed,
Thou powerless sluggish Deity!
But ne'er shall Briton bend the knee
Again before so poor a god.»—
She struck the altar with her rod;
Slight was the touch, as when at need
A damsel stirs her tardy steed;
But to the blow the stone gave place,
And, starting from its balanced base,
Roll'd thundering down the moon-light dell,—
Re-echo'd moorland, rock, and fell;
Into the moon-light tarn it dash'd,
Their shores the sounding surges lash'd,

And there was ripple, rage, and foam;
But on that lake, so dark and lone,
Placid and pale the moonbeam shone
As Jutta hied her home.

END OF CANTO SECOND.

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

Grey towers of Durham! there was once a time
I view'd your battlements with such vague hope,
As brightens life in its first dawning prime;
Not that e'en then came within fancy's scope
A vision vain of mitre, throne, or cope;
Yet, gazing on the venerable hall,
Her flattering dreams would in perspective ope
Some reverend room, some prebendary's stall,—
And thus Hope me deceived as she deceiveth all.

Well yet I love thy mix'd and massive piles,
Half church of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot,
And long to roam these venerable aisles,
With records stored of deeds long since forgot!
There might I share my Surtees' happier lot,
Who leaves at will his patrimonial field
To ransack every crypt and hallow'd spot,
And from oblivion rend the spoils they yield.
Restoring priestly chaunt and clang of knightly shield.

Vain is the wish—since other cares demand
Each vacant hour, and in another clime;
But still that northern harp invites my hand,
Which tells the wonder of thine earlier time;
And fain its numbers would I now command,
To paint the beauties of thy dawning fair,
When Harold, gazing from its lofty stand
Upon the western heights of Beaurepaire,
Saw Saxon Eadmer's towers begirt by winding Wear.

II.

Fair on the half-seen streams the sunbeams danced,
Betraying it beneath the woodland bank,
And fair between the Gothic turrets glanced
Broad lights, and shadows fell on front and flank,
Where tower and buttress rose in martial rank,
And girdled in the massive donjon Keep,
And from their circuit peal'd o'er bush and bank
The mattin bell with summons long and deep,
And echo answer'd still with long-resounding sweep.

III.

The morning mists rose from the ground,
Each merry bird awaken'd round
As if in revelry;
Afar the bugles' clanging sound
Call'd to the chase the lagging hound,
The gale breath'd soft and free,
And seem'd to linger on its way,
To catch fresh odours from the spray,
And waved it in its wanton play
So light and gamesomely.

The scenes which morning beams reveal,
Its sounds to hear, its gales to feel
In all their fragrance round him steal,
It melted Harold's heart of steel,
And, hardly wotting why,
He doff'd his helmet's gloomy pride,
And hung it on a tree beside,
Laid mace and falchion by,
And on the green sward sate him down,
And from his dark habitual frown
Relax'd his rugged brow—
Whoever hath the doubtful task
From that stern Dane a boon to ask,
Were wise to ask it now.

IV.

His place beside young Gunnar took,
And mark'd his master's softening look,
And in his eye's dark mirror spied
The gloom of stormy thought subside,
And cautious watch'd the fittest tide
To speak a warning word.
So when the torrent's billows shrink,
The timid pilgrim on the brink
Waits long to see them wave and sink,
Ere he dare brave the ford,
And often, after doubtful pause,
His step advances or withdraws:
Fearful to move the slumbering ire
Of his stern lord, thus stood the squire,
Till Harold raised his eye,

That glanced as when athwart the shroud
Of the dispersing tempest-cloud
The bursting sunbeams fly.

V.

« Arouse thee, son of Ermengarde,
Offspring of prophetess and bard!
Take harp, and greet this lovely prime
With some high strain of Runic rhyme,
Strong, deep, and powerful! Peal it round
Like that loud bell's sonorous sound,
Yet wild by fits, as when the lay
Of bird and bugle hail the day.
Such was my grandsire Erick's sport,
When dawn gleam'd on his martial court.
Heymar the Scald, with harp's high sound,
Summon'd the chiefs who slept around;
Couch'd on the spoils of wolf and bear,
They roused like lions from their lair,
Then rush'd in emulation forth
To enhance the glories of the north.—
Proud Erick, mightiest of thy race,
Where is thy shadowy resting place?
In wild Valhalla hast thou quaff'd
From foeman's skull metheglin draught,
Or wander'st where thy cairn was piled,
To frown o'er oceans wide and wild?
Or have the milder Christians given
Thy refuge in their peaceful heaven?
Where'er thou art, to thee are known
Our toils endured, our trophies won,
Our wars, our wanderings, and our woes.»—
He ceased, and Gunnar's song arose.

VI.

SONG.

« Hawk and osprey scream'd for joy
O'er the beetling cliffs of Hoy,
Crimson foam the beach o'erspread,
The heath was dyed with darker red,
When o'er Erick, Inguar's son,
Dane and Northman piled the stone;
Singing wild the war-song stern,
Rest thee, Dweller of the Cairn!

« Where eddying currents foam and boil
By Bersa's burgh and Græmsay's isle,
The seaman sees a martial form
Half-mingled with the mist and storm.
In anxious awe he bears away
To moor his bark in Stromna's bay,
And murmurs from the bounding stern,
'Rest thee, Dweller of the Cairn!'

« What cares disturb the mighty dead?
Each honour'd rite was duly paid;
No daring hand thy helm unlaced,
Thy sword, thy shield, were near thee placed,
Thy flinty couch no tear profaned,
Without, with hostile blood 'twas stained;
Within, 'twas lined with moss and fern,—
Then rest thee, Dweller of the Cairn!

« He may not rest: from realms afar
Comes voice of battle and of war,

Of conquest wrought with bloody hand
On Carmel's cliffs and Jordan's strand,
When Odin's warlike son could daunt
The turban'd race of Termagaunt»——

VII.

« Peace,» said the Knight, « the noble Scald
Our warlike fathers' deeds recall'd,
But never strove to sooth the son
With tales of what himself had done.
At Odin's board the bard sits high
Whose harp ne'er stoop'd to flattery;
But highest he whose daring lay
Hath dared unwelcome truths to say.»—
With doubtful smile young Gunnar eyed
His master's looks, and nought replied—
But well that smile his master led
To construe what he left unsaid.
« Is it to me, thou timid youth,
Thou fear'st to speak unwelcome truth?
My soul no more thy censure grieves
Than frosts rob laurels of their leaves.
Say on—and yet—beware the rude
And wild distemper of my blood;
Loth were I that mine ire should wrong
The youth that bore my shield so long,
And who, in service constant still,
Though weak in frame, art strong in will.»—
« Oh!» quoth the page, « even there depends
My counsel—there my warning tends.
Oft seems as of my master's breast
Some demon were the sudden guest;

Then at the first misconstrued word
His hand is on the mace and sword,
From her firm seat his wisdom driven,
His life to countless dangers given.—
O! would that Gunnar could suffice
To be the fiend's last sacrifice,
So that, when glutted with my gore,
He fled and tempted thee no more!

VIII.

Then waved his hand, and shook his head,
The impatient Dane, while thus he said:
« Profane not, youth—it is not thine
To judge the spirit of our line—
The bold Berserkar's rage divine,
Through whose inspiring, deeds are wrought
Past human strength and human thought.
When full upon his gloomy soul
The champion feels the influence roll,
He swims the lake, he leaps the wall—
Heeds not the depth, nor plumbs the fall—
Unshielded, mail-less, on he goes
Singly against a host of foes;
Their spears he holds like wither'd reeds,
Their mail like maiden's silken weeds;
One 'gainst a hundred will he strive,
Take countless wounds, and yet survive.
Then rush the eagles to his cry
Of slaughter and of victory,—
And blood he quaffs like Odin's bowl,
Deep drinks his sword,--deep drinks his soul;

And all that meet him in his ire
He gives to ruin, rout, and fire,
Then, like gorged lion, seeks some den,
And couches till he's man agen.—
Thou know'st the signs of look and limb,
When 'gins that rage to over-brim—
Thou know'st when I am moved, and why;
And when thou seest me roll mine eye,
Set my teeth thus and stamp my foot,
Regard thy safety and be mute;
But else, speak boldly out whate'er
Is fitting that a knight should hear.
I love thee, youth. Thy lay has power
Upon my dark and sullen hour;—
So, Christian monks are wont to say,
Demons of old were charm'd away;—
Then fear not I will rashly deem
Ill of thy speech, whate'er the theme.»

IX.

As down some strait in doubt and dread
The watchful pilot drops the lead,
And, cautious in the midst to steer,
The shoaling channel sounds with fear;
So, lest on dangerous ground he swerved,
The page his master's brow observed,
Pausing at intervals to fling
His hand on the melodious string,
And to his moody breast apply
The soothing charm of harmony,
While hinted half, and half exprest,
This warning song convey'd the rest.

I.

« Ill fares the bark with tackle riven,
And ill when on the breakers driven,—
Ill when the storm-sprite shrieks in air,
And the scared mermaid tears her hair;
But worse when on her helm the hand
Of some false traitor holds command.

2.

« Ill fares the fainting Palmer, placed
'Mid Hebron's rocks or Rama's waste,—
Ill when the scorching sun is high,
And the expected font is dry,—
Worse when his guide o'er sand and heath,
The barbarous Copt, has plann'd his death.

3.

« Ill fares the knight with buckler cleft,
And ill when of his helm bereft,—
Ill when his steed to earth is flung,
Or from his grasp his falchion wrung;
But worse, of instant ruin token,
When he lists rede by woman spoken.»

X.

« How now, fond boy?—Canst thou think ill,»
Said Harold, « of fair Metelill?»—
« She may be fair,» the page replied,
As through the strings he ranged,—
« She may be fair; but yet,»—he cried,
And then the strain he changed,——

1.

« She may be fair,» he sang, « but yet
Far fairer have I seen
Than she, for all her locks of jet,
And eyes so dark and sheen.
Were I a Danish knight in arms,
As one day I may be,
My heart should own no foreign charms,—
A Danish maid for me.

2.

« I love my father's northern land,
Where the dark pine-trees grow,
And the bold Baltic's echoing strand
Looks o'er each grassy oe.(1)
I love to mark the lingering sun,
From Denmark loth to go,
And leaving on the billows bright,
To cheer the short-lived summer night,
A path of ruddy glow.

3.

« But most the northern maid I love,
With breast like Denmark's snow,
And form as fair as Denmark's pine,
Who loves with purple heath to twine
Her locks of sunny glow;
And sweetly blends that shade of gold
With the cheek's rosy hue,
And faith might for her mirror hold
That eye of matchless blue.

(1) *Oe.* Island.

4.

« 'Tis her's the manly sports to love
That southern maidens fear,
To bend the bow by stream and grove,
And lift the hunter's spear.
She can her chosen champion's fight
With eye undazzled see,
Clasp him victorious from the strife,
Or on his corpse yield up her life,—
A Danish maid for me!»

XI.

Then smiled the Dane—« Thou canst so well
The virtues of our maidens tell,
Half could I wish my choice had been
Blue eyes, and hair of golden sheen,
And lofty soul;—yet what of ill
Hast thou to charge on Metelill?»—
« On her nought,» young Gunnar said,
« But her base sire's ignoble trade.
Her mother, too—the general fame
Hath given to Jutta evil name,
And in her grey eye is a flame
Art cannot hide, nor fear can tame.—
That sordid woodman's peasant cot
Twice have thine honour'd footsteps sought,
And twice return'd with such ill rede
As sent thee on some desperate deed.»—

XII.

« Thou errest; Jutta wisely said,
He that comes suitor to a maid,

Ere link'd in marriage, should provide
Lands and a dwelling for his bride—
My father's by the Tyne and Wear
I have reclaim'd.»—« O, all too dear,
And all too dangerous the prize,
E'en were it won,»—young Gunnar cries.
« And then this Jutta's fresh device,
That thou should'st seek, a heathen Dane,
From Durham's priests a boon to gain,
When thou hast left their vassals slain
In their own halls!»—Flash'd Harold's eye,
Thunder'd his voice—« False page, you lie!
The castle, hall and tower, is mine,
Built by old Witikind on Tyne.
The wild-cat will defend his den,
Fights for her nest the timid wren;
And think'st thou I'll forego my right
For dread of monk or monkish knight?—
Up and away, that deepening bell
Doth of the Bishop's conclave tell.
Thither will I, in manner due,
As Jutta bade, my claim to sue;
And, if to right me they are loth,
Then woe to church and chapter both!»

Now shift the scene and let the curtain fall,
And our next entry be Saint Cuthbert's hall.

END OF CANTO THIRD.

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

CANTO FOURTH.

I.

Full many a bard hath sung the solemn gloom
Of the long Gothic aisle and stone-ribb'd roof,
O'er canopying shrine, and gorgeous tomb,
Carved screen, and altar glimmering far aloof,
And blending with the shade—a matchless proof
Of high devotion, which hath now wax'd cold;
Yet legends say, that Luxury's brute hoof
Intruded oft within such sacred fold,
Like step of Bel's false priest, track'd in his fane of old.

Well pleased am I, howe'er, that when the route
Of our rude neighbours whilome deign'd to come,
Uncall'd, and eke unwelcome, to sweep out
And cleanse our chancel from the rags of Rome,
They spoke not on our ancient fane the doom
To which their bigot zeal gave o'er their own,
But spared the martyr'd saint and storied tomb,
Though papal miracles had graced the stone,
And though the aisles still loved the organ's swelling tone.

And deem not, though 'tis now my part to paint
A prelate sway'd by love of power and gold,
That all who wore the mitre of our Saint
Like to ambitious Aldingar I hold;
Since both in modern times and days of old
It sate on those whose virtues might atone
Their predecessors' frailties trebly told:
Matthew and Morton we as such may own—
And such (if fame speak truth) the honoured Barrington.

II.

But now to earlier and to ruder times,
As subject meet, I tune my rugged rhymes,
Telling how fairly the chapter was met,
And rood and books in seemly order set;
Huge brass-clasp'd volumes, which the hand
Of studious priest but rarely scann'd,
Now on fair carved desk display'd,
'Twas theirs the solemn scene to aid.
O'er-head with many a scutcheon graced,
And quaint devices interlaced,
A labyrinth of crossing rows,
The roof in lessening arches shows;
Beneath its shade placed proud and high,
With footstool and with canopy,
Sate Aldingar, and prelate ne'er
More haughty graced Saint Cuthbert's chair.
Canons and deacons were placed below,
In due degree and lengthen'd row.
Unmoved and silent each sate there,
Like image in his oaken chair;

Nor head, nor hand, nor foot they stirr'd,
Nor lock of hair, nor tress of beard,
And of their eyes severe alone
The twinkle shew'd they were not stone.

III.

The Prelate was to speech address'd,
Each head sunk reverent on each breast;
But ere his voice was heard—without
Arose a wild, tumultuous shout
Offspring of wonder mix'd with fear,
Such as in crowded streets we hear
Hailing the flames, that, bursting out,
Attract yet scare the rabble rout.
Ere it had ceased, a giant hand
Shook oaken door and iron band,
Till oak and iron both gave way,
Clash'd the long bolts, the hinges bray,
And ere upon angel or saint they can call,
Stands Harold the Dauntless in midst of the hall.

IV.

« Now save ye, my masters, both rocket and rood,
From Bishop with mitre to Deacon with hood!
For here stands Count Harold, old Witikind's son,
Come to sue for the lands which his ancestors won.»
The Prelate look'd round him with sore troubled eye,
Unwilling to grant, yet afraid to deny,
While each Canon and Deacon who heard the Dane
speak,
To be safely at home would have fasted a week:—
Then Aldingar roused him and answer'd again,

«Thou suest for a boon which thou canst not obtain;
The church hath no fiefs for an unchristen'd Dane.
Thy father was wise, and his treasure hath given
That the priests of a chantry might hymn him to heaven;
And the fiefs which whilome he possess'd as his due,
Have lapsed to the church, and been granted anew
To Anthony Conyers and Alberic Vere,
For the service St Cuthbert's bless'd banner to bear,
When the bands of the North come to foray the Wear.
Then disturb not our conclave with wrangling or blame,
But in peace and in patience pass hence as ye came.»

V.

Loud laugh'd the stern Pagan—« They're free from the care
Of fief and of service, both Conyers and Vere,—
Six feet of your chancel is all they will need,
A buckler of stone and a corslet of lead.—
Ho, Gunnar!—the tokens!»—and, sever'd anew
A head and a hand on the altar he threw.
Then shudder'd with terror both Canon and Monk,
They knew the glazed eye and the countenance shrunk,
And of Anthony Conyers the half-grizzled hair,
And the scar on the hand of Sir Alberic Vere.
There was not a churchman or priest that was there,
But grew pale at the sight, and betook him to prayer.

VI.

Count Harold laugh'd at their looks of fear:
«Was this the hand should your banner bear?

Was that the head should wear the casque
In battle at the church's task?
Was it to such you gave the place
Of Harold with the heavy mace?
Find me between the Wear and Tyne
A knight will wield this club of mine,—
Give me my fiefs, and I will say
There's wit beneath the cowl of gray.
He raised it, rough with many a stain,
Caught from crush'd scull and spouting brain;
He wheel'd it that it shrilly sung,
And the aisles echoed as it swung,
Then dash'd it down with sheer descent,
And split King Osric's monument.—
« How like ye this music? How trow ye the hand
That can wield such a mace may be reft of its land?
No answer?—I spare ye a space to agree,
And Saint Cuthbert inspire you, a saint if he be.
Ten strides through your chancel, ten strokes on your bell,
And again I am with you,—grave fathers, farewell.»

VII.

He turn'd from their presence, he clash'd the oak door,
And the clang of his stride died away on the floor;
And his head from his bosom the Prelate uprears
With a ghost-seer's look when the ghost disappears.
« Ye priests of St Cuthbert, now give me your rede,
For never of counsel had Bishop more need!
Were the arch-fiend incarnate in flesh and in bone,
The language, the look, and the laugh were his own.

In the bounds of Saint Cuthbert there is not a knight
Dare confront in our quarrel yon goblin in fight;
Then rede me aright to his claim to reply,
'Tis unlawful to grant, and 'tis death to deny.»

VIII.

On ven'son and malmsie that morning had fed
The Cellarer Vinsauf, 'twas thus that he said:
« Delay till to-morrow the Chapter's reply;
Let the feast be spread fair, and the wine be pour'd high:
If he's mortal he drinks,—if he drinks, he is ours—
His bracelets of iron,—his bed in our towers.»—
This man had a laughing eye,
Trust not, friends, when such you spy;
A beaker's depth he well could drain,
Revel, sport, and jest amain—
The haunch of the deer and the grape's bright dye
Never bard loved them better than I;
But sooner than Vinsauf fill'd me my wine,
Pass'd me his jest, and laughed at mine,
Though the buck were of Bearpark, of Bourdeaux the vine,
With the dullest hermit I'd rather dine
On an oaten cake and a draught of the Tyne.

IX.

Walwayn the Leech spoke next—he knew
Each plant that loves the sun and dew,
But special those whose juice can gain
Dominion o'er the blood and brain;

The peasant who saw him by pale moonbeam
Gathering such herbs by bank and stream,
Deem'd his thin form and soundless tread
Were those of wanderer from the dead.—
« Vinsauf, thy wine,» he said, « hath power,
Our gyves are heavy, strong our tower;
Yet three drops from this flask of mine,
More strong than dungeons, gyves, or wine,
Shall give him prison under ground
More dark, more narrow, more profound.
Short rede, good rede, let Harold have—
A dog's death and a heathen's grave.»—
I have lain on a sick man's bed,
Watching for hours for the leech's tread,
As if I deemed that his presence alone
Were of power to bid my pain begone;
I have listed his words of comfort given,
As if to oracles from heaven;
I have counted his steps from my chamber door,
And bless'd them when they were heard no more;—
But sooner than Walwayn my sick couch should
nigh,
My choice were by leech-craft unaided to die.

X.

« Such service done in fervent zeal
The Church may pardon and conceal,»
The doubtful Prelate said, « but ne'er
The counsel ere the act should hear.—
Anselm of Jarrow, advise us now,
The stamp of wisdom is on thy brow;

Thy days, thy nights in cloister pent,
Are still to mystic learning lent;—
Anselm of Jarrow, in thee is my hope,
Thou well canst give counsel to Prelate or Pope.»

XI.

Answer'd the Prior—« 'Tis wisdom's use
Still to delay what we dare not refuse;
Ere granting the boon he comes hither to ask,
Shape for the giant gigantic task;
Let us see how a step so sounding can tread
In paths of darkness, danger, and dread;
He may not, he will not, impugn our decree,
That calls but for proof of his chivalry,
And were Guy to return, or Sir Bevis the Strong,
Our wilds have adventure might cumber them long—
The Castle of Seven Shields»——« Kind Anselm, no more!
The step of the Pagan approaches the door.»
The churchmen were hush'd—In his mantle of skin,
With his mace on his shoulder, Count Harold strode in.
There was foam on his lip, there was fire in his eye,
For, chafed by attendance, his fury was nigh.
« Ho! Bishop,» he said, « dost thou grant me my claim?
Or must I assert it by falchion and flame?»

XII.

« On thy suit, gallant Harold,» the Bishop replied
In accents which trembled, « we might not decide,

Until proof of your strength and your valour we
saw—
'Tis not that we doubt them, but such is the law.»—
« And would you, Sir Prelate, have Harold make
sport
For the cowls and the shavelings that herd in thy
court?
Say what shall he do?—From the shrine shall he tear
The lead bier of thy patron and heave it in air,
And through the long chancel make Cuthbert take
wing,
With the speed of a bullet dismiss'd from the sling?»
« Nay, spare such probation,» the Cellarer said,
From the mouth of our minstrels thy task shall be
read,
While the wine sparkles high in the goblet of gold,
And the revel is loudest, thy task shall be told;
And thyself, gallant Harold, shall, hearing it, tell
That the Bishop, his cowls, and his shavelings, meant
well.»

XIII.

Loud revell'd the guests, and the goblets loud rang,
But louder the minstrel, Hugh Meneville, sang;
And Harold, the hurry and pride of whose soul,
E'en when verging to fury, own'd music's controul,
Still bent on the harper his broad sable eye,
And often untasted the goblet pass'd by;
Than wine, or than wassail, to him was more dear
The minstrel's high tale of enchantment to hear;
And the Bishop that day might of Vinsauf complain
That his art had but wasted his wine-casks in vain.

XIV.

THE CASTLE OF THE SEVEN SHIELDS.

A BALLAD.

The Druid Urien had daughters seven,
Their skill could call the moon from heaven;
So fair their forms and so high their fame,
That seven proud kings for their suitors came.

King Mador and Rhys came from Powis and Wales,
Unshorn was their hair, and unpruned were their nails;
From Strath Clwyde came Ewain, and Ewain was lame,
And the red-bearded Donald from Galloway came.

Lot, King of Lodon, was hunch-back'd from youth;
Dunmail of Cumbria had never a tooth;
But Adolf of Bambrough, Northumberland's heir,
Was gay and was gallant, was young and was fair.

There was strife 'mongst the sisters, for each one would have
For husband King Adolf, the gallant and brave,
And envy bred hate, and hate urged them to blows,
When the firm earth was cleft, and the Arch-fiend arose!

He swore to the maidens their wish to fulfil—
They swore to the foe they would work by his will.
A spindle and distaff to each hath he given,
«Now hearken my spell,» said the Outcast of heaven.

« Ye shall ply these spindles at midnight hour,
And for every spindle shall rise a tower,
Where the right shall be feeble, the wrong shall have
power,
And there shall ye dwell with your paramour.»

Beneath the pale moonlight they sate on the wold,
And the rhimes which they chaunted must never be
told;
And as the black wool from the distaff they sped,
With blood from their bosom they moisten'd the
thread.

As light danced the spindles beneath the cold gleam,
The castle arose like the birth of a dream—
The seven towers ascended like mist from the ground,
Seven portals defend them, seven ditches surround

Within that dread castle seven monarchs were wed,
But six of the seven ere the morning lay dead;
With their eyes all on fire, and their daggers all red,
Seven damsels surround the Northumbrian's bed.

« Six kingly bridegrooms to death we have done,
Six gallant kingdoms King Adolf hath won,
Six lovely brides all his pleasure to do,
Or the bed of the seventh shall be husbandless too.»

Well chanced it that Adolf the night when he wed
Had confess'd and had sain'd him ere boune to his
bed;

He sprung from the couch and his broad sword he
drew,
And there the seven daughters of Urien he slew.

The gate of the castle he bolted and seal'd,
And hung o'er each arch-stone a crown and a shield;
To the cells of St Dunstan then wended his way,
And died in his cloister an anchorite grey.

Seven monarchs' wealth in that castle lies stow'd,
The foul fiends brood o'er them like raven and toad.
Whoever shall guesten these chambers within,
From curfew till matins, that treasure shall win.

But manhood grows faint as the world waxes old!
There lives not in Britain a champion so bold,
So dauntless of heart, and so prudent of brain,
As to dare the adventure that treasure to gain.

The waste ridge of Cheviot shall wave with the rye,
Before the rude Scots shall Northumberland fly,
And the flint clifts of Bambro' shall melt in the sun,
Before that adventure be peril'd and won.

XV.

« And is this my probation?» wild Harold he said,
« Within a lone castle to press a lone bed?—
Good even, my Lord Bishop,—Saint Cuthbert to
borrow,
The Castle of Seven Shields receives me to-morrow.»

END OF CANTO FOURTH.

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

CANTO FIFTH.

I.

Denmark's sage courtier to her princely youth,
  Granting his cloud an ouzel or a whale,
Spoke, though unwittingly, a partial truth;
  For Phantasy embroiders Nature's veil.
The tints of ruddy eve, or dawning pale,
  Of the swart thunder-cloud, or silver haze,
Are but the ground-work of the rich detail
  Which Phantasy with pencil wild pourtrays,
Blending what seems and is, in the rapt muser's gaze.

Nor are the stubborn forms of earth and stone
  Less to the Sorceress's empire given:
For not with unsubstantial hues alone,
  Caught from the varying surge, or vacant heaven,
From bursting sunbeam, or from flashing levin,
  She limns her pictures—on the earth, as air,
Arise her castles, and her car is driven;
  And never gazed the eye on scene so fair,
But of its boasted charms fancy gave half the share.

II.

Up a wild pass went Harold, bent to prove,
Hugh Meneville, the adventure of thy lay;
Gunnar pursued his steps in faith and love,
Ever companion of his master's way.
Midward their path, a rock of granite grey
From the adjoining cliff had made descent,—
A barren mass—yet with her drooping spray
Had a young birch-tree crown'd its battlement,
Twisting her fibrous roots through cranny, flaw, and rent.

This rock and tree could Gunnar's thought engage
Till Fancy brought the tear-drop to his eye,
And at his master ask'd the timid page,
« What is the emblem that a bard should spy
In that rude rock and its green canopy?»
And Harold said, « Like to the helmet brave
Of warrior slain in fight it seems to lie,
And these same drooping boughs do o'er it wave
Not all unlike the plume his lady's favour gave.»

« Ah, no!» replied the page; « the ill-starr'd love
Of some poor maid is in the emblem shewn,
Whose fates are with some hero's interwove,
And rooted on a heart to love unknown:
And as the gentle dews of heaven alone
Nourish those drooping boughs, and as the scathe
Of the red lightning rends both tree and stone,
So fares it with her unrequited faith,—
Her sole relief is tears—her only refuge death.»

III.

« Thou art a fond fantastic boy,»
Harold replied, « to females coy,
Yet prating still of love;
Even so amid the clash of war
I know thou lovest to keep afar,
Though destined by thy evil star
With one like me to rove,
Whose business and whose joys are found
Upon the bloody battle-ground.
Yet, foolish trembler as thou art,
Thou hast a nook of my rude heart,
And thou and I will never part;—
Harold would wrap the world in flame
Ere injury on Gunnar came.»

IV.

The grateful page made no reply,
But turn'd to heaven his gentle eye,
And clasp'd his hands, as one who said,
« My toils—my wanderings are o'erpaid!»
Then in a gayer, lighter strain,
Compell'd himself to speech again;
And, as they flow'd along,
His words took cadence soft and slow,
And liquid, like dissolving snow,
They melted into song.

V.

« What though through fields of carnage wide
I may not follow Harold's stride,
Yet who with faithful Gunnar's pride

Lord Harold's feats can see?
And dearer than the couch of pride
He loves the bed of grey wolf's hide,
When slumbering by Lord Harold's side
In forest, field, or lea.»

VI.

« Break off!» said Harold, in a tone
Where hurry and surprise were shown,
With some slight touch of fear,—
« Break off, we are not here alone;
A Palmer form comes slowly on!
By cowl, and staff, and mantle known,
My monitor is near.
Now mark him, Gunnar, heedfully;
He pauses by the blighted tree—
Dost see him, youth?—Thou could'st not see
When in the vale of Galilee
I first beheld his form,
Nor when we met that other while
In Cephalonia's rocky isle,
Before the fearful storm,—
Dost see him now?»—The page, distraught
With terror, answer'd, « I see nought,
And there is nought to see,
Save that the oak's scathed boughs fling down
Upon the path a shadow brown,
That, like a pilgrim's dusky gown,
Waves with the waving tree.»

VII.

Count Harold gazed upon the oak
As if his eye-strings would have broke,

And then resolvedly said,—
« Be what it will, yon phantom grey,
Nor heaven, nor hell, shall ever say
That for their shadows from his way
Count Harold turn'd dismay'd:
I'll speak him, though his accents fill
My heart with that unwonted thrill
Which vulgar minds call fear.
I will subdue it!»—Forth he strode,
Paused where the blighted oak-tree show'd
Its sable shadow on the road,
And, folding on his bosom broad
His arms, said, « Speak—I hear.»

VIII.

The Deep Voice said, « O wild of will,
Furious thy purpose to fulfil—
Heart-sear'd and unrepentant still,
How long, O Harold, shall thy tread
Disturb the slumbers of the dead?
Each step in thy wild way thou makest
The ashes of the dead thou wakest;
And shout in triumph o'er thy path
The fiends of bloodshed and of wrath.
In this thine hour, yet turn and hear!
For life is brief, and judgment near.»

IX.

Then ceased The Voice.—The Dane replied
In tones where awe and inborn pride
For mastery strove,—« In vain ye chide
The wolf for ravaging the flock,
Or with its hardness taunt the rock,—

I am as they—my Danish strain
Sends streams of fire through every vein.
Amid thy realms of goule and ghost,
Say, is the fame of Erick lost?
Or Witikind's the Waster, known
Where fame or spoil was to be won;
Whose galleys ne'er bore off a shore
They left not black with flame?—
He was my sire,—and, sprung of him,
That rover merciless and grim,
Can I be soft and tame?
Part hence, and with my crimes no more upbraid me,
I am that Waster's son, and am but what he made me.»

X.

ThePhantom groan'd;--the mountain shook around,
The fawn and wild-doe started at the sound,
The gorse and fern did wildly round them wave,
As if some sudden storm the impulse gave.
« All thou hast said is truth—Yet on the head
Of that bad sire let not the charge be laid,
That he, like thee, with unrelenting pace,
From grave to cradle ran the evil race:—
Relentless in his avarice and ire,
Churches and towns he gave to sword and fire;
Shed blood like water, wasted every land,
Like the destroying angel's burning brand;
Fulfill'd whate'er of ill might be invented,
Yes—all these things he did—he did, but he REPENTED!
Perchance it is part of his punishment still,
That his offspring pursues his example of ill.

But thou, when thy tempest of wrath shall next shake
thee,
Gird thy loins for resistance, my son, and awake thee;
If thou yield'st to thy fury, how tempted soever,
The gate of repentance shall ope for thee NEVER!»

XI.

« He is gone,» said Lord Harold, and gazed as he
spoke;
« There is nought on the path but the shade of the
oak,—
He is gone, whose strange presence my feeling op-
press'd,
Like the night-hag that sits on the slumberer's breast.
My heart beats as thick as a fugitive's tread,
And cold dews drop from my brow and my head.—
Ho! Gunnar, the flasket yon almoner gave;
He said that three drops would recall from the grave.
For the first time Count Harold owns leech-craft has
power,
Or, his courage to aid, lacks the juice of a flower!»—
The page gave the flasket, which Walwayn had fill'd
With the juice of wild roots that his art had distill'd—
So baneful their influence on all that had breath,
One drop had been frenzy, and two had been death.
Harold took it, but drank not; for jubilee shrill,
And music and clamour, were heard on the hill,
And down the steep pathway, o'er stock and o'er
stone,
The train of a bridal came blithesomely on;
There was song, there was pipe, there was timbrel,
and still
The burden was, « Joy to the fair Metelill!»

XII.

Harold might see from his high stance,
Himself unseen, that train advance
With mirth and melody;—
On horse and foot a mingled throng,
Measuring their steps to bridal song
And bridal minstrelsy;
And ever when the blithesome rout
Lent to the song their choral shout,
Redoubling echoes roll'd about,
While echoing cave and cliff sent out
The answering symphony,
Of all those mimic notes which dwell
In hollow rock and sounding dell.

XIII.

Joy shook his torch above the band,
By many a various passion fann'd;—
As elemental sparks can feed
On essence pure and coarsest weed,
Gentle, or stormy, or refined,
Joy takes the colours of the mind.
Lightsome and pure, but unrepress'd,
He fired the bridegroom's gallant breast;
More feebly strove with maiden fear,
Yet still joy glimmer'd through the tear
On the bride's blushing cheek, that shows
Like dew-drop on the budding rose;
While Wulfstane's gloomy smile declared
The joy that selfish avarice shared,
And pleased revenge and malice high
Its semblance took in Jutta's eye.

On dangerous adventure sped,
The witch deem'd Harold with the dead,
For thus that morn her Demon said:—
« If, ere the set of sun, be tied
The knot 'twixt bridegroom and his bride,
The Dane shall have no power of ill
O'er William and o'er Metelill.»
And the pleased witch made answer, « Then
Must Harold have pass'd from the paths of men!
Evil repose may his spirit have,—
May hemlock and mandrake find root in his grave,—
May his death-sleep be dogg'd by dreams of dismay,
And his waking be worse at the answering day!»—

XIV.

Such was their various mood of glee
Blent in one shout of ecstacy.
But still when joy is brimming highest,
Of sorrow and misfortune nighest,
Of Terror with her ague cheek,
And lurking Danger, sages speak:—
These haunt each path, but chief they lay
Their snares beside the primrose way.—
Thus found that bridal band their path
Beset by Harold in his wrath.
Trembling beneath his maddening mood,
High on a rock the giant stood;
His shout was like the doom of death
Spoke o'er their heads that pass'd beneath.
His destined victims might not spy
The reddening terrors of his eye,—

The frown of rage that writhed his face,
The lip that foam'd like boar's in chase;—
But all could see—and, seeing, all
Bore back to shun the threaten'd fall,—
The fragment which their giant foe
Rent from the cliff and heaved to throw.

XV.

Backward they bore;—yet are there two
For battle who prepare:
No pause of dread Lord William knew
Ere his good blade was bare;
And Wulfstane bent his fatal yew,
But ere the silken cord he drew,
As hurl'd from Hecla's thunder, flew
That ruin through the air!—
Full on the outlaw's front it came,
And all that late had human name,
And human face, and human frame,
That lived, and moved, and had free will
To chuse the path of good or ill,
Is to its reckoning gone;
And nought of Wulfstane rests behind,
Save that beneath that stone,
Half-buried in the dinted clay,
A red and shapeless mass there lay,
Of mingled flesh and bone!

XVI.

As from the bosom of the sky
The eagle darts amain,
Three bounds from yonder summit high
Placed Harold on the plain.

As the scared wild-fowl scream and fly,
So fled the bridal train;
As 'gainst the eagle's peerless might
The noble falcon dares the fight,
But dares the fight in vain,
So fought the bridegroom; from his hand
The Dane's rude mace has struck his brand,
Its glittering fragments strew the sand,
Its lord lies on the plain.
Now, Heaven! take noble William's part,
And melt that yet unmelted heart,
Or, ere his bridal hour depart,
The hapless bridegroom's slain!

XVII.

Count Harold's frenzied rage is high,
There is a death-fire in his eye,
Deep furrows on his brow are trench'd,
His teeth are set, his hand is clench'd,
The foam upon his lip is white,
His deadly arm is up to smite!
But, as the mace aloft he swung,
To stop the blow young Gunnar sprung,
Around his master's knees he clung,
And cried, « In mercy spare!
O, think upon the words of fear
Spoke by that visionary Seer,
The crisis he foretold is here,—
Grant mercy,—or despair!»
This word suspended Harold's mood,
Yet still with arm upraised he stood,
And visage like the headsman's rude

That pauses for the sign.
« O mark thee with the blessed rood,»
The page implored; « Speak word of good,
Resist the fiend, or be subdued!»—
He sign'd the cross divine—
Instant his eye hath human light,
Less red, less keen, less fiercely bright;
His brow relax'd the obdurate frown,
The fatal mace sinks gently down,
He turns and strides away;
Yet oft, like revellers who leave
Unfinish'd feast, looks back to grieve,
As if repenting the reprieve
He granted to his prey.
Yet still of forbearance one sign hath he given,
And fierce Witikind's son made one step towards heaven.

XVIII.

But though his dreaded footsteps part,
Death is behind and shakes his dart;
Lord William on the plain is lying,
Beside him Metelill seems dying!—
Bring odours—essences in haste—
And lo! a flasket richly chased,—
But Jutta the elixir proves
Ere pouring it for those she loves—
Then Walwayn's potion was not wasted,
For when three drops the hag had tasted,
So dismal was her yell,
Each bird of evil omen woke,
The raven gave his fatal croak,
And shriek'd the night-crow from the oak,
The screech-owl from the thicket broke,

And flutter'd down the dell!
So fearful was the sound and stern,
The slumbers of the full-gorged erne
Were startled, and from furze and fern
Of forest and of fell,
The fox and famish'd wolf replied,
(For wolves then prowl'd the Cheviot side,)
From mountain head to mountain head
The unhallow'd sounds around were sped
But when their latest echo fled,
The sorceress on the ground lay dead.

XIX.

Such was the scene of blood and woes,
With which the bridal morn arose
Of William and of Metelill;
But oft, when dawning 'gins to spread,
The summer morn peeps dim and red
Above the eastern hill,
Ere, bright and fair, upon his road
The King of splendour walks abroad;
So, when this cloud had pass'd away,
Bright was the noon-tide of their day,
And all serene its setting ray.

END OF CANTO FIFTH.

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

CANTO SIXTH.

I.

Well do I hope that this my minstrel tale
Will tempt no traveller from southern fields,
Whether in tilbury, barouche, or mail,
To view the Castle of these Seven proud Shields.
Small confirmation its condition yields
To Meneville's high lay,—No towers are seen
On the wild heath, but those that Fancy builds,
And, save a fosse which tracks the moor with green,
Is nought remains to tell of what may there have been.

And yet grave authors, with the no small waste
Of their grave time, have dignified the spot
By theories, to prove the fortress placed
By Roman bands, to curb the invading Scot.
Hutchinson, Horsley, Camden, I might quote,
But rather chuse the theory less civil
Of boors, who, origin of things forgot,
Refer still to the origin of evil,
And for their master-mason chuse that master-fiend
the Devil.

II.

Therefore, I say, it was on fiend-built towers
That stout Count Harold bent his wondering gaze,
When evening dew was on the heather flowers,
And the last sunbeams bade the mountain blaze,
And tinged the battlements of other days
With a bright level light ere sinking down.—
Illumined thus, the dauntless Dane surveys
The Seven proud Shields that o'er the portal frown,
And on their blazons traced high marks of old renown.

A wolf North Wales had on his armour-coat,
And Rhys of Powis-land a couchant stag;
Strath-Clwyd's strange emblem was a stranded boat,
Donald of Galloway a trotting nag;
A corn-sheaf gilt was fertile Lodon's brag;
A dudgeon-dagger was by Dunmail worn;
Northumbrian Adolf gave a sea-beat crag
Surmounted by a cross—such signs were borne
Upon these antique shields, all wasted now and worn.

III.

These scann'd, Count Harold sought the castle-door,
Whose ponderous bolts were rusted to decay;
Yet till that hour adventurous knight forbore
The unobstructed passage to essay.
More strong than armed warders in array,
And obstacle more sure than bolt or bar,
Sate in the portal Terror and Dismay,
While Superstition, who forbade to war
With foes of other mould than mortal clay,
Cast spells across the gate, and barr'd the onward way.

Vain now those spells--for soon with heavy clank
The feebly-fasten'd gate was inward push'd,
And, as it oped, through that emblazon'd rank
Of antique shields the wind of evening rush'd
With sound most like a groan, and then was hush'd.
Is none who on such spot such sounds could hear,
But to his heart the blood had faster rush'd,
Yet to bold Harold's breast that throb was dear—
It spoke of danger nigh, but had no touch of fear.

IV.

Yet Harold and his page no signs have traced
Within the castle that of danger show'd;
For still the halls and courts were wild and waste,
As through their precincts the adventurers trode.
The seven huge towers rose stately, tall, and broad,
Each tower presenting to their scrutiny
A hall in which a king might make abode,
And fast beside, garnish'd both proud and high,
Was placed a bower for rest in which a king might lie.

As if a bridal there of late had been,
Deck'd stood the table in each gorgeous hall;
And yet it was two hundred years, I ween,
Since date of that unhallow'd festival.
Flagons, and ewers, and standing cups, were all
Of tarnish'd gold, or silver nothing clear,
With throne begilt, and canopy of pall,
And tapestry clothed the walls with fragments sear,—
Frail as the spider's mesh did that rich woof appear.

V.

In every bower, as round a hearse, was hung
A dusky crimson curtain o'er the bed,
And on each couch in ghastly wise were flung
The wasted reliques of a monarch dead;
Barbaric ornaments around were spread,
Vests twined with gold, and chains of precious stone,
And golden circlets, meet for monarch's head;
While grinn'd, as if in scorn amongst them thrown,
The wearer's fleshless scull, alike with dust bestrown.

For these were they who, drunken with delight,
On pleasure's opiate pillow laid their head,
For whom the bride's shy footstep, slow and light,
Was changed ere morning to the murderer's tread.
For human bliss and woe in the frail thread
Of human life are all so closely twined,
That till the shears of fate the texture shred,
The close succession cannot be disjoin'd,
Nor dare we from one hour judge that which comes behind.

VI.

But where the work of vengeance had been done,
In that seventh chamber, was a sterner sight;
There of the witch-brides lay each skeleton,
Still in the posture as to death when dight.
For this lay prone, by one blow slain outright;
And that, as one who struggled long in dying;
One bony hand held knife as if to smite;
One bent on fleshless knees as mercy crying;
One lay across the door, as kill'd in act of flying.

The stern Dane smiled this charnel-house to see,—
For his chafed thought return'd to Metelill;—
And « Well,» he said, « hath woman's perfidy,
Empty as air, as water volatile,
Been here avenged.—The origin of ill
Through woman rose, the Christian doctrine saith;
Nor deem I, Gunnar, that thy minstrel skill
Can show example where a woman's breath
Hath made a true-love vow, and, tempted, kept her faith.»

VII.

The minstrel boy half smiled, half sigh'd,
And his half-filling eyes he dried,
And said, « The theme I should but wrong,
Unless it were my dying song,
(Our Scalds have said in dying hour
The Northern harp has treble power,)
Else could I tell of woman's faith
Defying danger, scorn, and death.
Firm was that faith,—as diamond stone
Pure and unflaw'd,—her love unknown,
And unrequited;—firm and pure,
Her stainless faith could all endure;
From clime to clime,—from place to place,—
Through want, and danger, and disgrace,
A wanderer's wayward steps could trace.—
All this she did, and guerdon none
Required, save that her burial-stone
Should make at length the secret known,
Thus hath a faithful woman done.—
Not in each breast such truth is laid,
But Eivir was a Danish maid.»

VIII.

« Thou art a wild enthusiast,» said
Count Harold, « for thy Danish maid;
And yet, young Gunnar, I will own
Her's were a faith to rest upon.
But Eivir sleeps beneath her stone,
And all resembling her are gone.
What maid e'er shew'd such constancy
In plighted faith, like thine to me?
But couch thee, boy; the darksome shade
Falls thickly round, nor be dismay'd
Because the dead are by.
They were as we; our little day
O'erspent, and we shall be as they.
Yet near me, Gunnar, be thou laid,
Thy couch upon my mantle made,
That thou may'st think, should fear invade,
Thy master slumbers nigh.»
Thus couch'd they in that dread abode,
Until the beams of dawning glow'd.

IX.

An alter'd man Lord Harold rose,
When he beheld that dawn unclose—
There's trouble in his eyes,
And traces on his brow and cheek
Of mingled awe and wonder speak:
« My page,» he said, « arise;—
Leave we this place, my page.»—Nor more
He utter'd till the castle-door
They cross'd—but there he paused and said,
« My wildness hath awaked the dead—

Disturb'd the sacred tomb!—
Methought this night I stood on high
Where Hecla roars in middle sky,
And in her cavern'd gulphs could spy
The central place of doom!
And there before my mortal eye
Souls of the dead came flitting by,
Whom fiends, with many a fiendish cry,
Bore to that evil den!
My eyes grew dizzy, and my brain
Was wilder'd, as the elvish train,
With shriek and howl, dragg'd on amain
Those who had late been men.

X.

« With haggard eyes and streaming hair,
Jutta, the Sorceress, was there,
And there pass'd Wulfstane, lately slain,
All crush'd and foul with bloody stain.—
More had I seen, but that uprose
A whirlwind wild, and swept the snows;
And with such sound as when at need
A champion spurs his horse to speed,
Three armed knights rush on, who lead
Caparison'd a sable steed.
Sable their harness, and there came
Through their closed visors sparks of flame.
The first proclaim'd in sounds of fear,
' Harold the Dauntless, welcome here!'
The next cried ' Jubilee! we've won
Count Witikind the Waster's son!'

And the third rider sternly spoke,
'Mount, in the name of Zernebock!—
From us, O Harold, were thy powers,—
Thy strength, thy dauntlessness, are ours;
Nor think, a vassal thou of hell,
With hell canst strive.' The fiend spoke true!
My inmost soul the summons knew,
As captives know the knell,
That says the headsman's sword is bare,
And with an accent of despair
Commands them quit their cell.
I felt resistance was in vain,
My foot had that fell stirrup ta'en,
My hand was on the fatal mane,
When to my rescue sped
That Palmer's visionary form,
And—like the passing of a storm—
The demons yell'd and fled!

XI.

« His sable cowl, flung back, reveal'd
The features it before conceal'd;
And, Gunnar, I could find
In him whose counsels strove to stay
So oft my course on wilful way,
My father Witikind!
Doom'd for his sins, and doom'd for mine,
A wanderer upon earth to pine
Until his son shall turn to grace,
And smooth for him a resting-place!—
Gunnar, he must not haunt in vain
This world of wretchedness and pain:

I'll tame my wilful heart to live
In peace—to pity and forgive—
And thou, for so the vision said,
Must in thy Lord's repentance aid.
Thy mother was a prophetess,
He said, who by her skill could guess
How close the fatal textures join
Which knit thy thread of life with mine;
Then, dark, he hinted of disguise
She framed to cheat too curious eyes,
That not a moment might divide
Thy fated footsteps from my side.
Methought, while thus my sire did teach,
I caught the meaning of his speech,
Yet seems its purport doubtful now.»—
His hand then sought his thoughtful brow.—
Then first he mark'd, that in the tower
His glove was left at waking hour.

XII.

Trembling at first, and deadly pale,
Had Gunnar heard the vision'd tale;
But when he learn'd the dubious close,
He blush'd like any opening rose,
And, glad to hide his tell-tale cheek,
Hied back that glove of mail to seek;
When soon a shriek of deadly dread
Summon'd his master to his aid.

XIII.

What sees Count Harold in that bower,
So late his resting-place?—

The semblance of the Evil Power,
Adored by all his race!
Odin in living form stood there,
His cloak the spoils of Polar bear;
For plumy crest, a meteor shed
Its gloomy radiance o'er his head,
Yet veil'd its haggard majesty
To the wild lightnings of his eye.
Such height was his, as when in stone
O'er Upsal's giant altar shown;
So flow'd his hoary beard;
Such was his lance of mountain-pine,
So did his sevenfold buckler shine;
But when his voice he rear'd,
Deep, without harshness, slow and strong,
The powerful accents roll'd along,
And, while he spoke, his hand was laid
On captive Gunnar's shrinking head.

XIV.

« Harold,» he said, « what rage is thine
To quit the worship of thy line,
To leave thy Warrior God?—
With me is glory or disgrace,
Mine is the onset and the chase,
Embattled hosts before my face
Are wither'd by a nod.
Wilt thou then forfeit that high seat,
Deserved by many a dauntless feat
Among the heroes of thy line,
Eric and fiery Thorarine?—
Thou wilt not. Only I can give
The joys for which the valiant live,

Victory and vengeance—only I
Can give the joys for which they die,—
The immortal tilt—the banquet full,
The brimming draught from foeman's scull.
Mine art thou, witness this thy glove,
The faithful pledge of vassal's love.»

XV.

« Tempter,» said Harold, firm of heart,
« I charge thee hence! whate'er thou art,
I do defy thee—and resist
The kindling frenzy of my breast,
Waked by thy words; and of my mail
Nor glove, nor buckler, splent, nor nail,
Shall rest with thee—that youth release,
And God, or Demon, part in peace.»—
« Eivir,» the Shape replied, « is mine,
Mark'd in the birth-hour with my sign.
Think'st thou that priest with drops of spray
Could wash that blood-red mark away?
Or that a borrow'd sex and name
Can abrogate a Godhead's claim?»—
Thrill'd this strange speech through Harold's brain,
He clench'd his teeth in high disdain,
For not his new-born faith subdued
Some tokens of his ancient mood.—
« Now, by the hope so lately given
Of better trust and purer heaven,
I will assail thee, fiend!»—Then rose
His mace, and with a storm of blows
The mortal and the demon close.

XVI.

Smoke roll'd above, fire flash'd around,
Darken'd the sky and shook the ground;
But not the artillery of hell,
The bickering lightning, nor the rock
Of turrets to the earthquake's shock,
Could Harold's courage quell.
Sternly the Dane his purpose kept,
And blows on blows resistless heap'd,
Till quail'd that demon form,
And—for his power to hurt or kill
Was bounded by a higher will—
Evanish'd in the storm.
Nor paused the Champion of the North,
But raised, and bore his Eivir forth
From that wild scene of fiendish strife,
To light, to liberty, and life!

XVII.

He placed her on a bank of moss,
A silver runnel bubbled by,
And new-born thoughts his soul engross,
And tremors yet unknown across
His stubborn sinews fly,
The while with timid hand the dew
Upon her brow and neck he threw,
And mark'd how life with rosy hue
On her pale cheek revived anew,
And glimmer'd in her eye.
Inly he said, "That silken tress,
What blindness mine that could not guess,
Or how could page's rugged dress

That bosom's pride belie?
O, dull of heart, through wild and wave
In search of blood and death to rave,
With such a partner nigh!»

XVIII.

Then in the mirror'd pool he peer'd,
Blamed his rough locks and shaggy beard,
The stains of recent conflict clear'd,—
And thus the Champion proved,
That he fears now who never fear'd,
And loves who never loved.
And Eivir—life is on her cheek,
And yet she will not move or speak,
Nor will her eye-lid fully ope;
Perchance it loves, that half-shut eye,
Through its long fringe, reserved and shy,
Affection's opening dawn to spy;
And the deep blush, which bids its dye
O'er cheek, and brow, and bosom fly,
Speaks shame-facedness and hope.

XIX.

But vainly seems the Dane to seek
For terms his new-born love to speak,—
For words, save those of wrath and wrong,
Till now were strangers to his tongue;
So, when he raised the blushing maid,
In blunt and honest terms he said,—
('Twere well that maids, when lovers woo,
Heard none more soft, were all as true,)
« Eivir! since thou for many a day
Hast follow'd Harold's wayward way,

It is but meet that in the line
Of after-life I follow thine.
To-morrow is Saint Cuthbert's tide,
And we will grace his altar's side,
A Christian knight and Christian bride;
And of Witikind's son shall the marvel be said,
That on the same morn he was christen'd and wed.»

END OF CANTO SIXTH.

CONCLUSION.

And now, Ennui, what ails thee, weary maid?
And why these listless looks of yawning sorrow?
No need to turn the page, as if 'twere lead,
Or fling aside the volume till to-morrow.—
Be cheer'd—'tis ended—and I will not borrow,
To try thy patience more, one anecdote
From Bartholine, or Perinskiold, or Snorro.
Then pardon thou thy minstrel, who hath wrote
A Tale six cantos long, yet scorn'd to add a note.

SONGS

AND

MISCELLANIES.

MISCELLANIES

AND

SONGS

WAR SONG

OF THE

ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS.

« *Nennius.* Is not peace the end of arms?
Caratach. Not where the cause implies a general conquest.
Had we a difference with some petty isle,
Or with our neighbours, Britons, for our landmarks,
The taking in of some rebellious lord,
Or making head against a slight commotion,
After a day of blood, peace might be argued:
But where we grapple for the land we live on,
The liberty we hold more dear than life,
The gods we worship, and, next these, our honours,
And, with those, swords, that know no end of battle—
Those men, beside themselves, allow no neighbour,
Those minds, that, where the day is, claim inheritance,
And, where the sun makes ripe the fruit, their harvest,
And, where they march, but measure out more ground
To add to Rome———
It must not be.—No! as they are our foes,
Let's use the peace of honour—that's fair dealing;
But in our hands our swords. The hardy Roman,
That thinks to graft himself into my stock,
Must first begin his kindred under ground,
And be allied in ashes. »———

BONDUCA.

The following War Song was written during the apprehension of an invasion. The corps of volunteers, to which it was addressed, was raised in 1797, consisting of gentlemen, mounted and armed at their own expense. It still subsists, as the Right Troop of the Royal Mid Lothian Light Cavalry, commanded by the Honourable Lieutenant-Colonel Dundas. The noble and constitutional measure, of arming freemen in defence of their own rights, was no where more successful than in Edinburgh, which furnished a force of 3000 armed and disciplined volunteers, including a Regiment of Cavalry, from the City and County, and two Corps of Artillery, each capable of serving twelve guns. To such a force, above all others, might, in similar circumstances, be applied the exhortation of our ancient Galgacus: « *Proinde ituri in aciem, et majores vestros et posteros* « *cogitate.*»

WAR SONG

OF THE

ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS.

To horse! to horse! the standard flies,
The bugles sound the call;
The Gallic navy stems the seas,
The voice of Battle's on the breeze,
Arouse ye, one and all!

From high Dunedin's towers we come,
A band of brothers true;
Our casques the leopard's spoils surround,
With Scotland's hardy thistle crown'd;
We boast the red and blue. (1)

Though tamely crouch to Gallia's frown,
Dull Holland's tardy train;
Their ravished toys though Romans mourn,
Though gallant Switzers vainly spurn,
And, foaming, gnaw the chain;

(1) The Royal Colour.

O! had they mark'd the avenging call
Their brethren's murder gave,
Disunion ne'er their ranks had mown,
Nor patriot valour, desperate grown,
Sought freedom in the grave!

Shall we, too, bend the stubborn head,
In Freedom's temple born,
Dress our pale cheek in timid smile,
To hail a master in our isle,
Or brook a victor's scorn?

No! though destruction o'er the land
Come pouring as a flood,
The sun, that sees our falling day,
Shall mark our sabres' deadly sway,
And set that night in blood.

For gold let Gallia's legions fight,
Or plunder's bloody gain;
Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw,
To guard our King, to fence our Law,
Nor shall their edge be vain.

If ever breath of British gale
Shall fan the tri-color,
Or footstep of invader rude,
With rapine foul, and red with blood,
Pollute our happy shore,—

Then farewell home! and farewell friends!
Adieu each tender tie!

Resolved, we mingle in the tide,
Where charging squadrons furious ride,
To conquer, or to die.

To horse! to horse! the sabres gleam;
High sounds our bugle call;
Combined by honour's sacred tie,
Our word is, *Laws and Liberty!*
March forward, one and all!

NOTE

ON

THE WAR SONG.

O had they marked the avenging call,
Their brethren's murder gave.—P. 256. v. 1.

The allusion is to the massacre of the Swiss guards, on the fatal 10th August 1792. It is painful, but not useless, to remark, that the passive temper with which the Swiss regarded the death of their bravest countrymen, mercilessly slaughtered in discharge of their duty, encouraged and authorised the progressive injustice by which the Alps, once the seat of the most virtuous and free people upon the continent, have, at length, been converted into the citadel of a foreign and military despot. A state degraded is half enslaved.

THE

NORMAN HORSE-SHOE.

Air.—The War-song of the Men of Glamorgan.

The Welsh, inhabiting a mountainous country, and possessing only an inferior breed of horses, were usually unable to encounter the shock of the Anglo-Norman cavalry. Occasionally, however, they were successful in repelling the invaders; and the following verses are supposed to celebrate a defeat of Clare, *Earl of Striguil and Pembroke, and of* Neville, *Baron of Chepstow, Lords-Marchers of Monmouthshire. Rymny is a stream which divides the counties of Monmouth and Glamorgan: Caerphili, the scene of the supposed battle, is a vale upon its banks, dignified by the ruins of a very ancient castle.*

I.

Red glows the forge in Striguil's bounds,
And hammers din, and anvil sounds,
And armourers, with iron toil,
Barb many a steed for battle's broil.
Foul fall the hand which bends the steel
Around the courser's thundering heel,
That e'er shall dint a sable wound
On fair Glamorgan's velvet ground!

II.

From Chepstow's towers, ere dawn of morn,
Was heard afar the bugle horn;
And forth, in banded pomp and pride,
Stout Clare and fiery Neville ride.
They swore, their banners broad should gleam,
In crimson light on Rymny's stream;
They vowed, Caerphili's sod should feel
The Norman charger's spurning heel.

III.

And sooth they swore—the sun arose,
And Rymny's wave with crimson glows;
For Clare's red banner, floating wide,
Roll'd down the stream to Severn's tide!
And sooth they vowed—the trampled green
Shew'd where hot Neville's charge had been:
In every sable hoof-tramp stood
A Norman horseman's curdling blood!

IV.

Old Chepstow's brides may curse the toil,
That arm'd stout Clare for Cambrian broil;
Their orphans long the art may rue,
For Neville's war-horse forged the shoe.
No more the stamp of armed steed
Shall dint Glamorgan's velvet mead;
Nor trace be there, in early spring,
Save of the Fairies' emerald ring.

THE DYING BARD.

AIR—Daffydz Gangwen.

The Welsh tradition bears, that a Bard, on his death-bed, demanded his harp, and played the air to which these verses are adapted; requesting, that it might be performed at his funeral.

I.

DINAS EMLINN, lament; for the moment is nigh,
When mute in the woodlands thine echoes shall die;
No more by sweet Teivi Cadwallon shall rave,
And mix his wild notes with the wild dashing wave.

II.

In spring and in autumn, thy glories of shade
Unhonoured shall flourish, unhonoured shall fade;
For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the tongue,
That view'd them with rapture, with rapture that sung.

III.

Thy sons, Dinas Emlinn, may march in their pride,
And chase the proud Saxon from Prestatyn's side;
But where is the harp shall give life to their name?
And where is the bard shall give heroes their fame?

IV.

And oh, Dinas Emlinn! thy daughters so fair,
Who heave the white bosom, and wave the dark hair;
What tuneful enthusiast shall worship their eye,
When half of their charms with Cadwallon shall die?

V.

Then adieu, silver Teivi! I quit thy loved scene,
To join the dim choir of the bards who have been;
With Lewarch, and Meilor, and Merlin the Old,
And sage Taliessin, high harping to hold.

VI.

And adieu, Dinas Emlinn! still green be thy shades,
Unconquered thy warriors, and matchless thy maids!
And thou, whose faint warblings my weakness can tell,
Farewell, my loved Harp! my last treasure, farewell!

THE

MAID OF TORO.

O, LOW shone the sun on the fair lake of Toro,
And weak were the whispers that waved the dark
wood,
All as a fair maiden, bewildered in sorrow,
Sorely sigh'd to the breezes, and wept to the flood.
« O, saints! from the mansions of bliss lowly bending;
Sweet Virgin! who hearest the suppliant's cry;
Now grant my petition, in anguish ascending,
My Henry restore, or let Eleanor die! »

All distant and faint were the sounds of the battle,
With the breezes they rise, with the breezes they
fail,
Till the shout, and the groan, and the conflict's dread
rattle,
And the chace's wild clamour, came loading the
gale.
Breathless she gazed on the woodlands so dreary;
Slowly approaching a warrior was seen;
Life's ebbing tide mark'd his footsteps so weary,
Cleft was his helmet, and woe was his mien.

« O, save thee, fair maid, for our armies are flying!
O, save thee, fair maid, for thy guardian is low!
Deadly cold on yon heath thy brave Henry is lying;
And fast through the woodland approaches the foe.»—
Scarce could he faulter the tidings of sorrow,
And scarce could she hear them, benumbed with despair:
And when the sun sunk on the sweet lake of Toro,
For ever he set to the Brave, and the Fair.

HELLVELLYN.

In the spring of 1805, *a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Hellvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier-bitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.*

I CLIMB'D the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide;
All was still, save by fits when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I mark'd the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

Dark green was the spot mid the brown mountain-heather,
Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretch'd in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay.

Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber;
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start;
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And, oh! was it meet, that,—no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him,—
Unhonour'd the Pilgrim from life should depart!

When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming;
In the proudly-arched chapel the banners are beaming;
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a Chief of the People should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb;
When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.

And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

AIR—« *A Border Melody.*»

The first stanza of this ballad is ancient. The others were written for Mr Campbell's Albyn's Anthology.

I.

« WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride:
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen»—
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock of Hazeldean.

II.

« Now let this wilful grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen»—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

III.

« A chain o' gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen»—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

IV.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her both by bower and ha',
The ladie was not seen!
She 's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF.

AIR—« *Gadil gu lo.*» (1)

I.

O HUSH thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight;
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,
They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee.
O ho ro, i ri ri, cadil gu lo,
O ho ro, i ri ri, etc.

II.

O fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.
O ho ro, i ri ri, etc.

III.

O hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.
O ho ro, i ri ri, etc.

(1) « Sleep on till day.» These words, adapted to a melody somewhat different from the original, are sung in my friend Mr Terry's drama of Guy Mannering.

PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU.

Written for Albyn's Anthology.

AIR—« *Piobair of Dhonuil Duibh.* » (1)

This is a very ancient Pibroch belonging to the Clan MacDonald, and supposed to refer to the expedition of Donald Balloch, who, in 1431, launched from the Isles with a considerable force, invaded Lochaber, and at Inverlochy defeated and put to flight the Earls of Mar and Caithness, though at the head of an army superior to his own. The words of the set, theme, or melody, to which the pipe variations are applied, run thus in Gaelic:

Piobaireachd Dhonuil, piobaireachd Dhonuil;
Piobaireachd Dhonuil Duidh, piobaireachd Dhonuil;
Piobaireachd Dhonuil Dhuidh, piobaireachd Dhonuil;
Piob agus bratach air faiche Inverlochi.

The pipe-summons of Donald the Black,
The pipe-summons of Donald the Black,
The war-pipe and the pennon are on the gathering-place
at Inverlochy.

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.

(1) The Pibroch of Donald the Black.

Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlocky:
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting gear,
Broad swords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

NORA'S VOW.

AIR—« *Cha teid mis a chaoidh.* » (1)

Written for Albyn's Anthology.

In the original Gaelic, the lady makes protestations that she will not go with the Red Earl's son until the swan should build in the cliff, and the eagle in the lake—until one mountain should change places with another, and so forth. It is but fair to add that there is no authority for supposing that she altered her mind—except the vehemence of her protestation.

I.

HEAR what Highland Nora said,
« The Earlie's son I will not wed,
Should all the race of nature die,
And none be left but he and I.
For all the gold, for all the gear,
And all the lands both far and near,
That ever valour lost or won,
I would not wed the Earlie's son. »

II.

« A maiden's vows, » old Callum spoke,
« Are lightly made, and lightly broke;
The heather on the mountain's height
Begins to bloom in purple light;

(1) « I will never go with him. »

The frost-wind soon shall sweep away
That lustre deep from glen and brae;
Yet Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
May blythely wed the Earlie's son.»

III.

« The swan,» she said, « the lake's clear breast
May barter for the eagle's nest;
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,
Ben-Cruaichan fall, and crush Kilchurn,
Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
Before their foes may turn and fly;
But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed the Earlie's son.»

IV.

Still in the water-lily's shade
Her wonted nest the wild swan made,
Ben-Cruaichan stands as fast as ever,
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river;
To shun the clash of foeman's steel,
No Highland brogue has turn'd the heel;
But Nora's heart is lost and won,
—She's wedded to the Earlie's son!

MACGREGOR'S GATHERING.

AIR—« *Thain' a Grigalach.* » (1)

Written for Albyn's Anthology.

These verses are adapted to a very wild, yet lively gathering-tune, used by the MacGregors. The severe treatment of this clan, their outlawry, and the proscription of their very name, are alluded to in the ballad.

THE moon's on the lake, and the mists on the brae,
And the clan has a name that is nameless by day!
Then gather, gather, gather, Gregalach!
Gather, gather, gather, etc.

Our signal for fight, that from monarchs we drew,
Must be heard but by night in our vengeful haloo!
Then haloo, Gregalach! haloo, Gregalach!
Haloo, haloo, haloo, Gregalach, etc.

Glen Orchy's proud mountains, Coalchuirn and her towers,
Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours:
We're landless, landless, landless, Gregalach!
Landless, landless, landless, etc.

(1) « The MacGregor is come. »

But doom'd and devoted by vassal and lord,
MacGregor has still both his heart and his sword:
Then courage, courage, courage, Gregalach,
Courage, courage, courage, etc.

If they rob us of name and pursue us with beagles,
Give their roofs to the flame, and their flesh to the eagles!
Then vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Gregalach!
Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, etc.

While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on the river,
MacGregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever!
Come then, Gregalach, come then, Gregalach,
Come then, come then, come then, etc.

Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall career,
O'er the peak of Ben-Lomond the galley shall steer,
And the rocks of Craig Royston like icicles melt,
Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt!
Then gather, gather, gather, Gregalach!
Gather, gather, gather, etc.

DONALD CAIRD'S COME AGAIN.

AIR—« *Malcolm Caird's come again.*» (1)

CHORUS.

DONALD *Caird's come again!*
Donald Caird's come again!
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again!

Donald Caird can lilt and sing,
Blithely dance the Hieland fling,
Drink till the gudeman be blind,
Fleech till the gudewife be kind;
Hoop a leglen, clout a pan,
Or crack a pow wi' ony man;
Tell the news in brugh or glen,
Donald Caird's come again.
Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Tell the news in brugh or glen,
Donald Caird's come again.

(1) Caird signifies Tinker.

Donald Caird can wire a maukin,
Kens the wiles o' dun deer staukin,
Leisters kipper, makes a shift
To shoot a muir-fowl in the drift;
Water-bailiffs, rangers, keepers,
He can wauk when they are sleepers;
Not for bountith or reward
Dare ye mell wi' Donald Caird.
Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Gar the bag-pipes hum amain,
Donald Caird's come again!

Donald Caird can drink a gill
Fast as hostler-wife can fill;
Ilka ane that sells gude liquor
Kens how Donald bends a bicker;
When he's fou he's stout and saucy,
Keeps the cantle of the cawsey;
Highland chief and Lawland laird,
Maun gi'e room to Donald Caird!
Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Tell the news in brugh or glen,
Donald Caird's come again.

Steek the amrie, lock the kist,
Else some gear may weel be mist;
Donald Caird finds orra things
Where Allan Gregor fand the tings;
Dunts of kebbeck, taits of woo,
Whiles a hen and whiles a sow,

Webs or duds frae hedge or yard—
'Ware the wuddie, Donald Caird!
Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Dinna let the shirra ken
Donald Caird's come again.

On Donald Caird the doom was stern,
Craig to tether, legs to airn;
But Donald Caird wi' mickle study,
Caught the gift to cheat the wuddie;
Rings of airn, and bolts of steel,
Fell like ice frae hand and heel!
Watch the sheep in fauld and glen,
Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Dinna let the Justice ken
Donald Caird's come again!

MACKRIMMON'S LAMENT.

AIR—« *Cha till mi tuille.* (1)

Mackrimmon, hereditary piper to the Laird of Macleod, is said to have composed this lament when the Clan was about to depart upon a distant and dangerous expedition. The Minstrel was impressed with a belief, which the event verified, that he was to be slain in the approaching feud; and hence the Gaelic words, «*Cha till mi tuille; ged thillis Macleod, cha till Macrimmon,*» «I shall never return; although Macleod returns, yet Mackrimmon shall never return!» The piece is but too well known, from its being the strain with which the emigrants from the West Highlands and Isles usually take leave of their native shore.

MACLEOD'S wizard flag from the gray castle sallies,
The rowers are seated, unmoor'd are the gallies;
Gleam war-axe and broad-sword, clang target and quiver,
As Mackrimmon sings, «Farewell to Dunvegan for ever!
Farewell to each cliff, on which breakers are foaming;
Farewell each dark glen, in which red deer are roaming,
Farewell lonely SKYE, to lake, mountain, and river,
Macleod may return, but Mackrimmon shall never!

«Farewell the bright clouds that on Quillan are sleeping;
Farewell the bright eyes in the Dun that are weeping;

(1) «We return no more.»

To each minstrel delusion, farewell!—and for ever—
Mackrimmon departs, to return to you never!
The *Banshee's* wild voice sings the death-dirge before me,
The pall of the dead for a mantle hangs o'er me;
But my heart shall not flag, and my nerves shall not shiver,
Though devoted I go—to return again never!

« Too oft shall the notes of Mackrimmon's bewailing
Be heard when the Gael on their exile are sailing;
Dear land! to the shores, whence unwilling we sever,
Return—return—return—shall we never!
Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille!
Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille,
Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille,
Ged thillis Macleod, cha till Macrimmon!»

ON ETTRICK FOREST'S MOUNTAINS DUN. (1)

On Ettrick Forest's mountains dun,
'Tis blythe to hear the sportsman's gun,
And seek the heath-frequenting brood
Far through the noon-day solitude;
By many a cairn and trenched mound,
Where chiefs of yore sleep lone and sound,
And springs, where gray-hair'd shepherds tell,
That still the fairies love to dwell.

Along the silver streams of Tweed,
'Tis blythe the mimic fly to lead,
When to the hook the salmon springs,
And the line whistles through the rings;
The boiling eddy see him try,
Then dashing from the current high,
Till watchful eye and cautious hand
Have led his wasted strength to land.

'Tis blythe along the midnight tide,
With stalwart arm the boat to guide;

(1) Written after a week's shooting and fishing, in which the poet had been engaged with some friends.

On high the dazzling blaze to rear,
And heedful plunge the barbed spear;
Rock, wood, and scaur, emerging bright,
Fling on the stream their ruddy light,
And from the bank our band appears
Like Genii, armed with fiery spears.

'Tis blythe at eve to tell the tale,
How we succeed, and how we fail,
Whether at ALWYN's (1) lordly meal,
Or lowlier board of ASHESTEEL;(2)
While the gay tapers cheerly shine,
Bickers the fire, and flows the wine—
Days free from thought, and nights from care,
My blessing on the forest fair!

(1) *Alwyn*, the seat of the Lord Somerville, now, alas! untenanted, by the lamented death of that kind and hospitable nobleman, the author's nearest neighbour and intimate friend.

(2) *Ashesteel*, the poet's residence at that time.

THE

SUN UPON THE WEIRDLAW HILL.

AIR—« *Rimhin aluin 'stu mo run.*»

The air, composed by the Editor of Albyn's Anthology. The words written for Mr GEORGE THOMSON's Scottish Melodies.

THE sun upon the Weirdlaw hill,
In Ettrick's vale, is sinking sweet;
The westland wind is hush and still,
The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
Yet not the landscape to mine eye
Bears those bright hues that once it bore;
Though evening, with her richest dye,
Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.

With listless look along the plain,
I see Tweed's silver current glide,
And coldly mark the holy fane
Of Melrose rise in ruin'd pride.
The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree,—
Are they still such as once they were,
Or is the dreary change in me?

Alas, the warp'd and broken board,
How can it bear the painter's dye!
The harp of strain'd and tuneless chord,
How to the minstrel's skill reply!
To aching eyes each landscape lowers,
To feverish pulse each gale blows chill;
And Araby's or Eden's bowers
Were barren as this moorland hill.

THE MAID OF ISLA.

AIR—« *The Maid of Isla.* »

Written for Mr GEORGE THOMSON's Scottish Melodies.

O MAID of Isla, from the cliff,
That looks on troubled wave and sky,
Dost thou not see yon little skiff,
Contend with ocean gallantly?
Now beating 'gainst the breeze and surge,
And steep'd her leeward deck in foam,
Why does she war unequal urge?—
O Isla's maid, she seeks her home.

O Isla's maid, yon sea-bird mark,
Her white wing gleams through mist and spray,
Against the storm-clad, lowering dark,
As to the rock she wheels away;—
Where clouds are dark and billows rave,
Why to the shelter should she come
Of cliff, exposed to wind and wave?—
O maid of Isla, 'tis her home.

As breeze and tide to yonder skiff,
Thou'rt adverse to the suit I bring,
And cold as is yon wintery cliff,
Where sea-birds close their wearied wing.
Yet cold as rock, unkind as wave,
Still, Isla's maid, to thee I come;
For in thy love, or in his grave,
Must Allan Vourich find his home.

THE FORAY.

Set to music by JOHN WHITEFIELD, Mus. Doc. Cam.

THE last of our steers on the board has been spread,
And the last flask of wine in our goblets is red;
Up! up, my brave kinsmen! belt swords and begone!
There are dangers to dare, and there's spoil to be won.

The eyes, that so lately mix'd glances with our's,
For a space must be dim, as they gaze from the towers,
And strive to distinguish through tempest and gloom,
The prance of the steed, and the toss of the plume.

The rain is descending; the wind rises loud;
And the moon her red beacon has veil'd with a cloud:
'Tis the better, my mates, for the warder's dull eye
Shall in confidence slumber, nor dream we are nigh.

Our steeds are impatient! I hear my blythe Grey!
There is life in his hoof-clang, and hope in his neigh;
Like the flash of a meteor, the glance of his mane
Shall marshal your march through the darkness and rain.

The drawbridge has dropp'd, the bugle has blown;
One pledge is to quaff yet—then mount and be gone!—
To their honour and peace, that shall rest with the slain;
To their health, and their glee, that see Teviot again!

THE MONKS OF BANGOR'S MARCH.

AIR—« *Ymdaith Mionge.*»

Written for Mr GEORGE THOMSON's Welch Melodies.

ETHELFRID, or OLFRID, king of Northumberland, having besieged Chester in 613, and BROCKMAEL, a British prince, advancing to relieve it, the religious of the neighbouring monastery of Bangor marched in procession, to pray for the success of their countrymen. But the British being totally defeated, the heathen victor put the monks to the sword, and destroyed their monastery. The tune to which these verses are adapted, is called the Monk's March, and is supposed to have been played at their ill-omen'd procession.

WHEN the heathen trumpet's clang
Round beleaguer'd Chester rang,
Veiled nun and friar grey
March'd from Bangor's fair Abbaye:
High their holy anthem sounds,
Cestria's vale the hymn rebounds,
Floating down the sylvan Dee,
O miserere Domine!

On the long procession goes,
Glory round their crosses glows,
And the Virgin-mother mild
In their peaceful banner smiled;

Who could think such saintly band
Doom'd to feel unhallow'd hand?
Such was the divine decree,
O miserere Domine!

Bands that masses only sung,
Hands that censers only swung,
Met the northern bow and bill,
Heard the war-cry wild and shrill:
Woe to Brockmael's feeble hand,
Woe to Olfrid's bloody brand,
Woe to Saxon cruelty,
O miserere Domine!

Weltering amid warriors slain,
Spurn'd by steeds with bloody mane,
Slaughter'd down by heathen blade,
Bangor's peaceful monks are laid:
Word of parting rest unspoke,
Mass unsung, and bread unbroke;
For their souls for charity,
Sing *O miserere Domine!*

Bangor! o'er the murder wail,
Long the ruins told the tale,
Shatter'd towers and broken arch,
Long recall'd the woeful march: (1)

(1) WILLIAM OF MALMESBURY says, that in his time the extent of the ruins of the monastery bore ample witness to the desolation occasioned by the massacre;—« tot semiruti parietes ecclesiarum, tot anfractus porticum, tanta turba ruderum quantum vix alibi cernas. »

On thy shrine no tapers burn,
Never shall thy priests return;
The pilgrim sighs and sings for thee,
O miserere Domine!

FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

ENCHANTRESS, farewell, who so oft has decoyed me,
At the close of the evening through woodlands to roam,
Where the forester, lated, with wonder espied me
Explore the wild scenes he was quitting for home.
Farewell, and take with thee thy numbers wild speaking,
The language alternate of rapture and woe:
Oh! none but some lover, whose heart-strings are breaking,
The pang that I feel at our parting can know.

Each joy thou could'st double, and when there came sorrow,
Or pale disappointment to darken my way,
What voice was like thine, that could sing of to-morrow,
Till forgot in the strain was the grief of to-day!
But when friends drop around us in life's weary waning,
The grief, queen of numbers, thou canst not assuage;
Nor the gradual estrangement of those yet remaining,
The languor of pain, and the chillness of age.

'Twas thou that once taught me in accents bewailing,
To sing how a warrior lay stretch'd on the plain,
And a maiden hung o'er him with aid unavailing,
And held to his lips the cold goblet in vain;
As vain those enchantments, O queen of wild numbers,
To a bard when the reign of his fancy is o'er,
And the quick pulse of feeling in apathy slumbers—
Farewell then—Enchantress!—I meet thee no more.

EPITAPH ON MRS ERSKINE.

PLAIN, as her native dignity of mind,
Arise the tomb of her we have resign'd:
Unflaw'd and stainless be the marble scroll,
Emblem of lovely form, and candid soul.—
But, Oh! what symbol may avail, to tell
The kindness, wit, and sense, we lov'd so well!
What sculpture shew the broken ties of life,
Here buried with the parent, friend, and wife!
Or, on the tablet, stamp each title dear,
By which thine urn, EUPHEMIA, claims the tear!
Yet, taught, by thy meek sufferance, to assume
Patience in anguish, hope beyond the tomb,
Resign'd, though sad, this votive verse shall flow,
And brief, alas! as thy brief span below.

MR KEMBLE'S FAREWELL ADDRESS,

ON TAKING LEAVE OF THE EDINBURGH STAGE.

As the worn war-horse, at the trumpet's sound,
Erects his mane, and neighs, and paws the ground—
Disdains the ease his generous lord assigns,
And longs to rush on the embattled lines,
So I, your plaudits ringing on mine ear,
Can scarce sustain to think our parting near;
To think my scenic hour for ever past,
And that those valued plaudits are my last.
Why should we part, while still some powers remain,
That in your service strive not yet in vain?
Cannot high zeal the strength of youth supply,
And sense of duty fire the fading eye;
And all the wrongs of age remain subdued
Beneath the burning glow of gratitude?
Ah no! the taper, wearing to its close,
Oft for a space in fitful lustre glows;
But all too soon the transient gleam is past,
It cannot be renew'd, and will not last;
Even duty, zeal, and gratitude, can wage
But short-lived conflict with the frosts of age.
Yes! It were poor, remembering what I was,
To live a pensioner on your applause,

To drain the dregs of your endurance dry,
And take, as alms, the praise I once could buy,
Till every sneering youth around enquires,
« Is this the man who once could please our sires?»
And scorn assumes compassion's doubtful mien,
To warn me off from the encumber'd scene.
This must not be;—and higher duties crave
Some space between the theatre and the grave;
That, like the Roman in the Capitol,
I may adjust my mantle ere I fall:
My life's brief act in public service flown,
The last, the closing scene, must be my own.

Here, then, adieu! while yet some well-graced parts
May fix an ancient favourite in your hearts,
Not quite to be forgotten, even when
You look on better actors, younger men:
And if your bosoms own this kindly debt
Of old remembrance, how shall mine forget—
O, how forget!—how oft I hither came
In anxious hope, how oft return'd with fame!
How oft around your circle this weak hand
Has wav'd immortal Shakespeare's magic wand,
Till the full burst of inspiration came,
And I have felt, and you have fann'd, the flame!
By mem'ry treasured, while her reign endures,
Those hours must live — and all their charms are
your's.

O favour'd Land! renown'd for arts and arms,
For manly talent and for female charms,

Could this full bosom prompt the sinking line,
What fervent benedictions now were thine!
But my last part is play'd, my knell is rung,
When e'en your praise falls faultering from my tongue;
And all that you can hear, or I can tell,
Is—Friends and Patrons, hail, and FARE YOU WELL!

THE

SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS;

OR,

THE QUEST OF SULTAUN SOLIMAUN.

Written in 1817.

I.

O, FOR a glance of that gay Muse's eye,
That lighten'd on Bandello's laughing tale,
And twinkled with a lustre shrewd and sly
When Giam Battista bade her vision hail! (1)
Yet fear not, ladies, the *naive* detail
Given by the natives of that land canorous;
Italian licence loves to leap the pale,
We Britons have the fear of shame before us,
And, if not wise in mirth, at least must be decorous.

II.

In the far eastern clime, no great while since,
Lived Sultaun Solimaun, a mighty prince,
Whose eyes, as oft as they perform'd their round,
Beheld all others fix'd upon the ground;

(1) The hint of the following tale is taken from *La Camiscia Magica*, a novel of Giam Battista Casti.

Whose ears receiv'd the same unvaried phrase,
« Sultaun! thy vassal hears, and he obeys!»—
All have their tastes—this may the fancy strike
Of such grave folks as pomp and grandeur like;
For me, I love the honest heart and warm
Of Monarch who can amble round his farm,
Or, when the toil of state no more annoys,
In chimney corner seek domestic joys—
I love a Prince will bid the bottle pass,
Exchanging with his subjects glance and glass;
In fitting time, can, gayest of the gay,
Keep up the jest and mingle in the lay—
Such Monarchs best our free-born humours suit,
But Despots must be stately, stern, and mute.

III.

This Solimaun, Serendib had in sway—
And where's Serendib? may some critic say.—
Good lack, mine honest friend, consult the chart,
Scare not my Pegasus before I start!
If Rennell has it not, you'll find, mayhap,
The isle laid down in Captain Sindbad's map,—
Famed mariner! whose merciless narrations
Drove every friend and kinsman out of patience,
Till, fain to find a guest who thought them shorter,
He deign'd to tell them over to a porter—
The last edition: see by Long: and Co.,
Rees, Hurst, and Orme, our fathers in the Row.

IV.

Serendib found, deem not my tale a fiction—
This Sultaun, whether lacking contradiction—

(A sort of stimulant which hath its uses,
To raise the spirits and reform the juices,
Sovereign specific for all sort of cures
In my wife's practice, and perhaps in yours,)
The Sultaun lacking this same wholesome bitter,
Or cordial smooth for prince's palate fitter—
Or if some Mollah had hag-rid his dreams
With Degial, Ginnistan, and such wild themes
Belonging to the Mollah's subtle craft,
I wot not—but the Sultaun never laugh'd,
Scarce ate or drank, and took a melancholy
That scorn'd all remedy profane or holy;
In his long list of melancholies, mad,
Or mazed, or dumb, hath Burton none so bad.

V.

Physicians soon arrived, sage, ware, and tried,
As e'er scrawl'd jargon in a darken'd room;
With heedful glance the Sultaun's tongue they eyed,
Peep'd in his bath, and God knows where beside,
And then in solemn accents spoke their doom,
« His majesty is very far from well.»
Then each to work with his specific fell:
The Hakim Ibrahim *instanter* brought
His unguent Mahazzim al Zerdukkaut, (1)
While Roompot, a practitioner more wily,
Relied on his Munaskif al fillfily. (1)
More and yet more in deep array appear,
And some the front assail and some the rear;
Their remedies to reinforce and vary,

(1) For these hard words see D'Herbelot, or the learned editor of the Recipes of Avicenna.

Came surgeon eke, and eke apothecary;
Till the tired Monarch, though of words grown
chary,
Yet dropt, to recompense their fruitless labour,
Some hint about a bowstring or a sabre.
There lack'd, I promise you, no longer speeches,
To rid the palace of those learned leeches.

VI.

Then was the council call'd—by their advice,
(They deem'd the matter ticklish all, and nice,
And sought to shift it off from their own shoulders)
Tatârs and couriers in all speed were sent,
To call a sort of Eastern parliament
Of feudatory chieftains and freeholders—
Such have the Persians at this very day,
My gallant Malcolm calls them *couroultai;* (1)
I'm not prepared to show in this slight song
That to Serendib the same forms belong,—
E'en let the learn'd go search, and tell me if I'm wrong.

VII.

The Omrahs, (2) each with hand on scymitar,
Gave, like Sempronius, still their voice for war—
« The sabre of the Sultaun in its sheath
Too long has slept, nor own'd the work of death;
Let the Tambourgi bid his signal rattle,
Bang the loud gong and raise the shout of battle!
This dreary cloud that dims our sovereign's day,
Shall from his kindled bosom flit away,

(1) See Sir John Malcolm's admirable History of Persia.
(2) Nobility.

When the bold Lootie wheels his courser round,
And the arm'd elephant shall shake the ground.
Each noble pants to own the glorious summons—
And for the charges—Lo! your faithful Commons!»
The Riots who attended in their places
(Serendib-language calls a farmer Riot)
Look'd ruefully in one another's faces,
From this oration auguring much disquiet,
Double assessment, forage, and free quarters;
And fearing these as China-men the Tartars,
Or as the whisker'd vermin fear the mousers,
Each fumbled in the pocket of his trowsers.

VIII.

And next came forth the reverend Convocation,
Bald heads, white beards, and many a turban green,
Imaum and Mollah there of every station,
Santon, Fakir, and Calendar were seen.
Their votes were various—some advised a Mosque
With fitting revenues should be erected,
With seemly gardens and with gay Kiosque,
To recreate a band of priests selected;
Others opined that through the realms a dole
Be made to holy men, whose prayers might profit
The Sultaun's weal in body and in soul;
But their long-headed chief, the Sheik Ul-Sofit,
More closely touch'd the point;—« Thy studious mood,»
Quoth he, « O Prince! hath thicken'd all thy blood,
And dull'd thy brain with labour beyond measure;
Wherefore relax a space and take thy pleasure,
And toy with beauty or tell o'er thy treasure;

From all the cares of state, my liege, enlarge thee,
And leave the burthen to thy faithful clergy.»

IX.

These counsels sage availed not a whit,
And so the patient (as is not uncommon
Where grave physicians lose their time and wit)
Resolved to take advice of an old woman;
His mother she, a dame who once was beauteous,
And still was call'd so by each subject duteous.
Now, whether Fatima was witch in earnest,
Or only made believe, I cannot say—
But she professed to cure disease the sternest,
By dint of magic amulet or lay;
And, when all other skill in vain was shown,
She deem'd it fitting time to use her own.

X.

« *Sympathia magica* hath wonders done,»
(Thus did old Fatima bespeak her son,)
« It works upon the fibres and the pores,
And thus, insensibly, our health restores,
And it must help us here.—Thou must endure
The ill, my son, or travel for the cure.
Search land and sea, and get, where'er you can,
The inmost vesture of a happy man,
I mean his SHIRT, my son, which, taken warm
And fresh from off his back, shall chase your harm,
Bid every current of your veins rejoice,
And your dull heart leap light as shepherd-boy's.»
Such was the counsel from his mother came.
I know not if she had some under-game,

As Doctors have, who bid their patients roam
And live abroad, when sure to die at home;
Or if she thought, that, somehow or another,
Queen Regent sounded better than Queen Mother;
But, says the Chronicle, (who will go look it,)
That such was her advice—the Sultaun took it.

XI.

All are on board—the Sultaun and his train,
In gilded galley prompt to plough the main:
The old Rais (1) was the first who questioned,
« Whither?»
They paused—« Arabia,» thought the pensive Prince,
« Was call'd The Happy many ages since—
For Mokha, Rais.»—And they came safely thither.
But not in Araby with all her balm,
Not where Judæa weeps beneath her palm,
Not in rich Egypt, not in Nubian waste,
Could there the step of happiness be traced.
One Copt alone profess'd to have seen her smile,
When Bruce his goblet fill'd at infant Nile;
She bless'd the dauntless traveller as he quaff'd,
But vanish'd from him with the ended draught.

XII.

« Enough of turbans,» said the weary King,
« These dolimans of ours are not the thing;
Try we the Giaours, these men of coat and cap, I
Incline to think some of them must be happy;
At least they have as fair a cause as any can,
They drink good wine and keep no Ramazan.

(1) Master of the vessel.

Then northward, ho!» The vessel cuts the sea,
And fair Italia lies upon her lee.—
But fair Italia, she who once unfurl'd
Her eagle-banners o'er a conquer'd world,
Long from her throne of domination tumbled,
Lay, by her quondam vassals, sorely humbled;
The Pope himself look'd pensive, pale, and lean,
And was not half the man he once had been.
« While these the priest and those the noble fleeces,
Our poor old boot,» (1) they said, « is torn to pieces.
Its tops (2) the vengeful claws of Austria feel,
And the Great Devil is rending toe and heel. (3)
If happiness you seek, to tell you truly,
We think she dwells with one Giovanni Bulli;
A tramontane, a heretic,—the buck,
Poffaredio! still has all the luck;
By land or ocean never strikes his flag—
And then—a perfect walking money-bag.»
Off set our Prince to seek John Bull's abode,
But first took France—it lay upon the road.

XIII.

Monsieur Baboon, after much late commotion,
Was agitated like a settling ocean,
Quite out of sorts, and could not tell what ail'd him,
Only the glory of his house had fail'd him;

(1) The well-known resemblance of Italy in the map.
(2) Florence, Venice, etc.
(3) The Calabrias, infested by bands of assassins. One of the leaders was called Fra Diavolo, *i. e.* Brother Devil.

Besides, some tumours on his noddle biding,
Gave indication of a recent hiding.(1)
Our Prince, though Sultauns of such things are heedless,
Thought it a thing indelicate and needless
To ask, if at that moment he was happy.
And Monsieur, seeing that he was *comme il faut*, a
Loud voice mustered up, for « *Vive le Roi!*»
Then whisper'd, « Ave you any news of Nappy?»
The Sultaun answer'd him with a cross question,—
« Pray, can you tell me aught of one John Bull,
That dwells somewhere beyond your herring-pool?»
The query seem'd of difficult digestion,
The party shrugg'd, and grinn'd, and took his snuff,
And found his whole good breeding scarce enough.

XIV.

Twitching his visage into as many puckers
As damsels wont to put into their tuckers,
(Ere liberal Fashion damn'd both lace and lawn,
And bade the veil of modesty be drawn,)
Replied the Frenchman after a brief pause,
« Jean Bool!—I vas not know him—yes, I vas—
I vas remember dat von year or two,
I saw him at von place called Vaterloo—
Ma foi! il s'est très-joliment battu,
Dat is for Englishman,—m'entendez-vous?
But den he had wit him one damn son-gun,
Rogue I no like—dey call him Vellington.»

(1) Or drubbing, so called in the Slang Dictionary.

Monsieur's politeness could not hide his fret,
So Solimaun took leave and cross'd the streight.

XV.

John Bull was in his very worst of moods,
Raving of sterile farms and unsold goods;
His sugar-loaves and bales about he threw,
And on his counter beat the Devil's tattoo.
His wars were ended, and the victory won,
But then, 'twas reckoning-day with honest John,
And authors vouch 'twas still this Worthy's way,
« Never to grumble till he came to pay;
And then he always thinks, his temper's such,
The work too little, and the pay too much.» (1)
Yet, grumbler as he is, so kind and hearty,
That when his mortal foe was on the floor,
And past the power to harm his quiet more,
Poor John had well nigh wept for Buonaparte!
Such was the wight whom Solimaun salam'd,—
« And who are you,» John answer'd, « and be d—d?»

XVI.

« A stranger, come to see the happiest man,—
So, Seignior, all avouch,—in Frangistan.»—(2)
« Happy? my tenants breaking on my hand?
Unstock'd my pastures, and untill'd my land;
Sugar and rum a drug, and mice and moths
The sole consumers of my good broad cloths—
Happy? why, cursed war and racking tax
Have left us scarcely raiment to our backs.»

(1) See the True-Born Englishman, by Daniel De Foe.
(2) Europe.

« In that case, Seignior, I may take my leave;
I came to ask a favour—but I grieve»———
« Favour?» said John, and eyed the Sultaun hard,
« It's my belief you came to break the yard!—
But, stay, you look like some poor foreign sinner,—
Take that, to buy yourself a shirt and dinner.»—
With that he chuck'd a guinea at his head;
But, with due dignity, the Sultaun said,—
« Permit me, sir, your bounty to decline;
A *shirt* indeed I seek, but none of thine.
Seignior, I kiss your hands, so fare you well.»
« Kiss and be d———d,» quoth John, « and go to hell!»

XVII.

Next door to John there dwelt his sister Peg,
Once a wild lass as ever shook a leg
When the blithe bagpipe blew—but soberer now,
She *doucely* span her flax and milk'd her cow.
And whereas erst she was a needy slattern,
Nor now of wealth or cleanliness a pattern,
Yet once a-month her house was partly swept,
And once a-week a plenteous board she kept.
And whereas eke the vixen used her claws,
And teeth, of yore, on slender provocation,
She now was grown amenable to laws,
A quiet soul as any in the nation;
The sole remembrance of her warlike joys
Was in old songs she sang to please her boys.
John Bull, whom, in their years of early strife,
She wont to lead a cat-and-doggish life,
Now found the woman, as he said, a neighbour,
Who looked to the main chance, declined no labour,

Loved a long grace and spoke a northern jargon,
And was d——d close in making of a bargain.

XVIII.

The Sultaun enter'd, and he made his leg,
And with decorum curtsied sister Peg;
(She loved a book, and knew a thing or two,
And guess'd at once with whom she had to do.)
She bade him « sit into the fire,» and took
Her dram, her cake, her kebbock from the nook;
Asked him « about the news from eastern parts;
And of her absent bairns, puir Highland hearts!
If peace brought down the price of tea and pepper,
And if the *nitmugs* were grown *ony* cheaper;—
Were there nae *speerings* of our Mungo Park—
Ye'll be the gentleman that wants the sark?
If ye wad buy a web o' auld wife's spinning,
I'll warrant ye it's a weel-wearing linen.»

XIX.

Then up got Peg, and round the house 'gan scuttle,
In search of goods her customer to nail,
Until the Sultaun strain'd his princely throttle,
And hollow'd,—« Ma'am, that is not what I ail.
Pray, are you happy, ma'am, in this snug glen?»
« Happy?» said Peg; « What for d'ye want to ken?
Besides, just think upon this by-gane year,
Grain wadna pay the yoking of the pleugh.»
« What say you to the present?»—« Meal's sae dear,
To mak their *brose* my bairns have scarce aneugh.»
« The devil take the shirt,» said Solimaun,
« I think my quest will end as it began.

Farewell, ma'am; nay, no ceremony, I beg»——
« Ye'll no be for the linen then?» said Peg.

XX.

Now, for the land of verdant Erin,
The Sultaun's royal bark is steering,
The emerald Isle where honest Paddy dwells,
The cousin of John Bull, as story tells.
For a long space had John, with words of thunder,
Hard looks, and harder knocks, kept Paddy under,
Till the poor lad, like boy that's flogg'd unduly,
Had gotten somewhat restive and unruly.
Hard was his lot and lodging, you'll allow,
A wigwam that would hardly serve a sow;
His landlord, and of middlemen two brace,
Had screw'd his rent up to the starving-place;
His garment was a top-coat, and an old one,
His meal was a potatoe, and a cold one;
But still for fun or frolic, and all that,
In the round world was not the match of Pat.

XXI.

The Sultaun saw him on a holiday,
Which is with Paddy still a jolly day:
When mass is ended, and his load of sins
Confess'd, and Mother Church hath from her binns
Dealt forth a bonus of imputed merit,
Then is Pat's time for fancy, whim, and spirit!
To jest, to sing, to caper fair and free,
And dance as light as leaf upon the tree.
« By Mahomet,» said Sultaun Solimaun,
« That ragged fellow is our very man!

Rush in and seize him—do not do him hurt,
But, will he nill he, let me have his *shirt.*»—

XXII.

Shilela their plan was well nigh after baulking,
(Much less provocation will set it a-walking,)
But the odds that foil'd Hercules foil'd Paddy Whack;
They seized, and they floor'd, and they stripp'd him
—Alack!
Up-bubboo! Paddy had not——a shirt to his back!!!
And the king, disappointed, with sorrow and shame,
Went back to Serendib as sad as he came.

EPILOGUE

TO

THE APPEAL,

SPOKEN BY MRS. H. SIDDONS.

A CAT of yore (or else old Æsop lied)
Was changed into a fair and blooming bride,
But spied a mouse upon her marriage day,
Forgot her spouse and seiz'd upon her prey;
Even thus my bridegroom lawyer, as you saw,
Threw off poor me and pounced upon papa.
His neck from Hymen's mystic knot made loose,
He twisted round my sire's the literal noose.
Such are the fruits of our dramatic labour
Since the New Jail became our next door neighbour.(1)

Yes, times *are* changed, for in your fathers' age
The lawyers were the patrons of the stage;
However high advanced by future fate,
There stands the bench (*points to the Pit*) that first
receiv'd their weight.

(1) It is necessary to mention, that the allusions in this piece are all local, and addressed only to the Edinburgh audience. The new prisons of the city, on the Calton Hill, are not far from the Theatre.

The future legal sage, 'twas ours to see,
Doom though unwigg'd, and plead without a fee.

But now astounding each poor mimic elf,
Instead of lawyers comes the Law herself;
Tremendous neighbour, on our right she dwells,
Builds high her towers and excavates her cells;
While on the left, she agitates the town
With the tempestuous question, Up or down? (1)
'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis thus stand we,
Law's final end and law's uncertainty.
But soft! who lives at Rome the Pope must flatter,
And jails and lawsuits are no jesting matter.
Then—just farewell! we wait with serious awe
Till your applause or censure gives the law,
Trusting our humble efforts may assure ye,
We hold you Court and Counsel, Judge and Jury.

(1) At this time the public of Edinburgh was much agitated by a law suit betwixt the magistrates and many of the inhabitants of the city, concerning the range of new buildings on the western side of North Bridge; which the latter insisted should be removed as a deformity.

END OF VOLUME FIFTH.

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